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Mideast Peace in Our Time?—A Symposium

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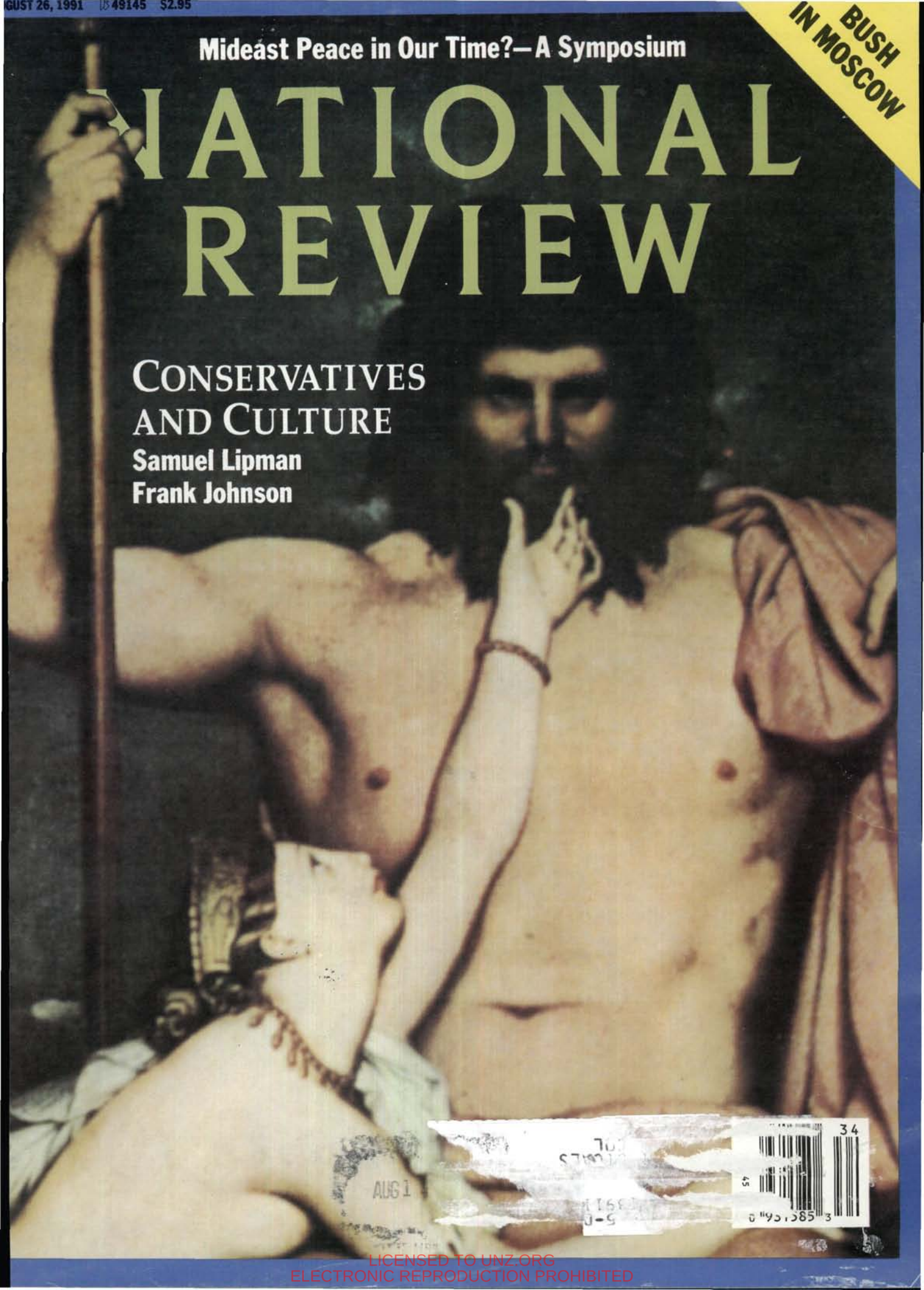
NATIONAL REVIEW

CONSERVATIVES AND CULTURE

Samuel Lipman
Frank Johnson



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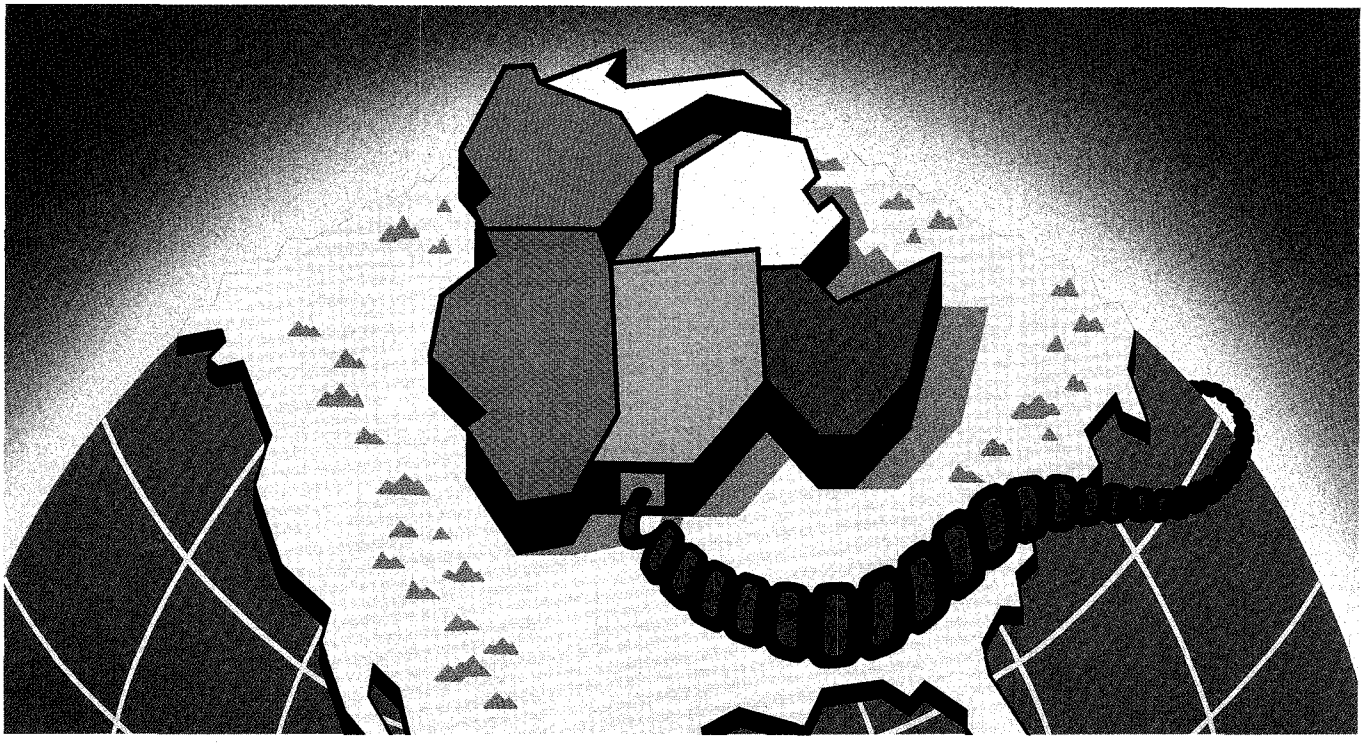
Communications: One of the great strengths of the Great Lakes region.



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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 26, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 15

Cover Story

36 ***Can We Save Culture?***
Abolishing the NEA wouldn't begin to solve the problems of our culture; the disease is more private than public, **Samuel Lipman** argues. Conservatives must stop consuming culture we abhor, and start creating something better. . . . **Frank Johnson** suggests the tide may already be turning—*viz.* that great subverter of Woodstock values, Luciano Pavarotti.

Articles

20 ***On the Scene***
William McGurn finds Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander selling out school reform. . . . While Gorbachev was off courting the West, Soviet democrats were burning his bridges for him, reports **Daniel Sneider**. . . . **Lorrin Anderson** untangles the issues surrounding the St. John's sodomy trial.

26 ***Can America Bring Peace?—A Symposium***
When Arabs and Israelis finally sit down at the conference table, what will they say? **J. B. Kelly**, **Antony T. Sullivan**, **Dore Gold**, **Shaw J. Dallal**, and **Peter W. Rodman** look at the prospects for Middle East peace in our time.

31 ***After Galbraith: Who's on Next?***
For forty years John Kenneth Galbraith has served as liberalism's favorite economist. As the man who could always explain why we need more government turns to writing novels, **Alan Reynolds** reviews possible successors.

34 ***Who Goes Homeless?***
And why? Homelessness may be the emblematic social problem of our time: created by government, and aggravated by good intentions. The solution, **Dr. E. Fuller Torrey** points out, is to distinguish the different categories of the homeless, and treat each group appropriately.

Books, Arts & Manners

39 In *The Promised Land*, Nicholas Lemann breaks fresh ground for liberalism by conceding the conservative critique of Big Government; but, sighs **David Frum**, he still won't learn from conservative social science. . . . The problem with *Young Nietzsche: Becoming a Genius*, says **Matthew Scully**, is that Carl Pletsch begins with a Nietzschean definition of genius. . . . **Michael Coren** concludes that the value of *Dead Certainties (Unwarranted Speculations)*, Simon Schama's heterodox history/murder mystery, depends on whether one trusts the author. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** travels through the color and history of Holland. . . . Reinaugurating "Delectations," **Linda Bridges** presents fine festival food and theater—in Canada. . . . From *Regarding Henry* and *The Doctor*, **John Simon** concludes that Hollywood can make even Lord Acton's insights trite.

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Cover painting: **Jupiter and Thetis,** ***Jean Dominique Ingres***

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January and one issue in March, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1991. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330.

RATES: $57.00 a year (24 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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"IT WAS A REAL BLESSING," Frances Vaughn said after volunteers from the Christmas in April program gave her house a face lift.

"A whole slew of people gave up their weekend to help me. They fixed my back porch. Painted every room. Gave me a stove. They even put a brand-new roof on. I could've kissed every one of them."

This neighborly love is being rekindled all over America, thanks to Christmas in April.

Thousands of people from all walks of life are banding together to help the poor, the elderly, the handicapped.

By repairing homes, these caring volunteers are doing more than painting and hammering.

They're restoring dignity, hope and pride.

"TODAY I fell in LOVE with TWENTY perfect STRANGERS."

FRANCES VAUGHN
Washington, D.C.

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The launch of Christmas in April☆USA was made possible through the commitment of many people and corporations, including a grant from the Toyota USA Foundation. We're proud to say we've been a supporter from the very start.

As a result, the national body has been able to help more communities start local programs. (The number has grown from 13 to 52 in just over two years.)

Frances Vaughn is certainly thrilled the folks around Washington rallied behind Christmas in April.

In fact, she would have jumped through the roof with joy if it hadn't just been repaired.

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LETTERS

Dissenting Reflections

Matthew Scully's review of my book *Deterring Democracy* contains two substantive statements, both false, but in interesting ways ["The Last Angry Man," July 8].

First, Scully asserts that I was "led . . . to embrace the North Vietnamese 'peasant liberators.'" The quote is his fabrication, as is the claim. In the real world, I was warning in the 1960s that the likely end result of the U.S. war would be to leave North Vietnam in control of all of Indochina, after indigenous groups were destroyed by U.S. violence. Scully's error is a common one. His counterparts in *Pravda* bitterly denounced opposition to the invasion of Afghanistan as support for the Islamic fundamentalist resistance. The distinctions are simple, but typically evade the mind of the commissar.

Second, Scully claims that I attributed the outcome of the February 1990 election in Nicaragua to "coercion" by the United States. In fact, as stressed throughout, I was "saying nothing about why Nicaraguans voted as they did." Rather, I reviewed the reactions and interpretations in the U.S., comparing them to those south of the border. The comparison was most revealing, and it is not surprising that Scully prefers to suppress it in favor of another comforting fabrication.

The remainder is an array of wild charges, abuse, and ordinary silliness—e.g., re Eastern European dissidents as expert witnesses on the U.S. "defense of freedom" in Central America. For those who prefer a world of pleasant fairy tales and self-serving illusion, Scully's technique has much to recommend it. Apart from that, its merits seem slight.

Noam Chomsky
Cambridge, Mass.

A second look will assure linguist Chomsky that the quotation was not attributed to him, but referred to a delusion he shared with many others. To demonstrate to his satisfaction that he misjudged the nature of the Communist forces in Vietnam, and should therefore feel some sense of responsibility for what happened after America's departure, is a challenge at which better writers have failed—most recently Paul Johnson, in his study of Chomsky in Intellectuals. *Readers of* Deterring Democracy *will note, alas, that postwar terms like "boat people" and "Pol Pot" still do not figure prominently in the "real world" as surveyed from Cambridge, Mass.*

As for Nicaragua, to which Chomsky turned after his foreign-policy triumph in Vietnam, the book assures us that while the "common people" struggled to build schools and hospitals, malevolent "foreigners were permitted to forge a coalition based upon a terrorist force they created to attack the country; and they were allowed to pour millions of dollars into supporting it in the elections."

For readers who can't wait to discover how it all comes out in Deterring Democracy*: The "common people" are the Marxist Sandinistas. The malevolent foreigners are the Americans. And the hero, the vindicated American dissident who saw through it all along—well, I don't want to ruin the whole book for you.* —MS

Recommended Revisions

In reading comments on the "One Nation, Many Peoples" report of New York's panel on multiculturalism, I noted that the panel recommended ["The Week," July 29] that the term Middle East be expunged from the English language because of its "Eurocentrism." I found that curious, for this is precisely the term Arabs use. The word in Arabic is (excuse my on-the-fly transliteration) *shark al-awsat*, literally: the Middle East.

When I asked my teacher, a native speaker of Arabic, if Arabs used any other word for the region, she thought the question odd. The Middle East is, after all, she lectured me, in the Eastern Hemisphere, smack in the middle of the unique spot in the world where three continents connect. Must I take this as proof that the Many Peoples of the Middle East have adopted the logic of their European oppressors?

Kenneth L. Peel
Silver Spring, Md.

Poetic Intimidation

I have long found Chilton Williamson Jr.'s writings interesting and informative, but I must protest his description of Eric Voegelin as an "atrocious" writer ["The Abyss," July 8]. The statement is impertinent and a disservice to those readers who might have heard of Voegelin but not read him.

Eric Voegelin assumed seriousness in his reader and he wrote on the most profound questions of human existence. It is true his writing style is challenging and difficult, at times very difficult indeed for the non-specialist in any of several fields he mastered. But Voegelin was not only a great scholar and a great philosopher, he was also a great writer. His vocabulary, erudition, and intellect (all of which were stupendous) can have the effect of intimidating some readers and blinding them to the emotional and spiritual power of his work. Power of this kind can only be achieved by a gifted and extraordinary poet. To use one of Voegelin's own favorite words, there are many moments of luminous beauty in his writing. Truly, he brought light to our darkness, and Chilton Williamson Jr. is deplorably wrong.

Calder Willingham
New Hampton, N.H.

Perhaps Mr. Willingham would not have been indignant had I described Eric Voegelin as an atrocious stylist rather than as an atrocious writer. (Or perhaps he would have been.) I don't deny the poetic element inherent in Voegelin's vision of history, but I cannot agree that the prose by which he communicated that vision has any grace—let alone poetry—at all. It is true that Voegelin wrote on "the most profound questions of human existence," but it is the mark of the great writer, as distinct from the great thinker, that he is able to contend with such questions in language that is lucid, elegant, and readable. Mr. Willingham may be correct when he says that "there are many moments of luminous beauty" in the writings of Eric Voegelin, but a moment, after all, is only a moment, to which the following does not belong: "If, however, one does not stop thinking, the recall will read as a 'story' of deformative symbols engendered parallel with the formative differentiation of the Beyond in the Near Eastern ethnic cultures of the cosmological empires and the Chosen People." That sentence (chosen almost at random from Order and History*) strikes me as being more typical than not of Professor Voegelin's verbal constructions.*

Mr. Willingham considers it "impertinent" of me to allude to that fact. But if it is proper for Eric Voegelin to criticize St. Paul, it is not improper for me to criticize Eric Voegelin. —CW

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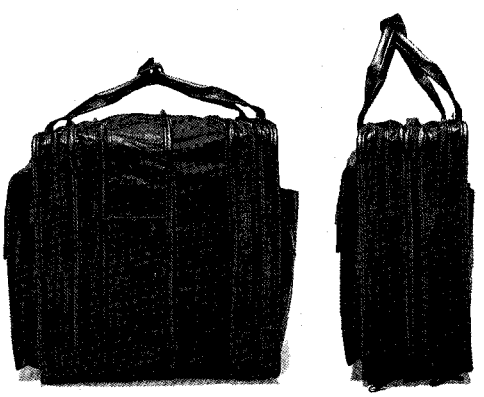

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Issue date: August 26, 1991
Print date: August 7, 1991

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

An Invitation

■ Four years ago I knew nothing about computers. I had tried one once, but my old IBM Selectric was quicker and more reliable.

Then WFB asked me to become NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher, with no conditions and only one suggestion: Why not sign up for MCI electronic mail? But why? I asked. Well, you're always in meetings and I'm always traveling, and we need to talk. A couple of days later I was signed up, and within minutes I was computer literate. The industry had changed that much while I was clacking away on my typewriter. In a few keystrokes I could now communicate with WFB anywhere in the world, get out memos and faxes, do research on companies, and much, much more.

Thus began my humble introduction to the world of communicating by computer, force-fed to me by the Computer Champion of All Time.

This great new world of communications is about to get even bigger. This week we introduce National Review Town Hall: the new meeting place for conservatives. It's a 24-hour information-retrieval and interactive service accessed by computer. Anyone with a modem (the little doohickey that connects a computer to a telephone) can plug right in.

George Gilder has written extensively (most recently in our July 8 issue) about this new medium and how it will affect our lives. Compuserve and Prodigy have become practically household words. Dow Jones now makes more money from its information services and electronic news wire than from the *Wall Street Journal*. And Judge Greene's ruling two weeks ago freeing the Baby Bells to expand into this new information industry will probably mean explosive growth and new, more user-friendly technology.

Ten months ago we decided we wanted to get in on the ground floor. NATIONAL REVIEW is not *just* a magazine; our mission is to communicate ideas, and NR Town Hall is a powerful new supplement that will enable us to communicate instantaneously with our readers and other friends.

What can you do with it? Well, you can check the weather in Dallas, make those plane reservations to San Diego, improve your vocabulary, get last night's Orioles' score, follow your stocks, take Jeff Hart's course on T. S. Eliot, read our Washington bureau's daily conservative update, order an out-of-print book, research a public company, call up news clips on a variety of subjects, request a personalized report on any topic, and nearly a thousand other things. About the only thing it can't do is make your dinner reservations—but we're trying.

As fun and useful as all that is, it is not the heart of the system. The real mission here is to unite the conservative movement by creating a nationwide interactive network. Our editors, conservative leaders, and your fellow readers will be part of an ongoing series of conversations in which the agenda of the conservative movement will be sharpened and defined.

Interactivity, George Gilder writes, will soften the distinction between editor and reader, giving the reader more of a hand in shaping the discussion—by the mere fact of *making* the editorial process a discussion. We could use a few extra hands around here. In fact, we could use a few thousand. To enlist them, we have made this system so easy that even the most reluctant computer novice can learn to use it in a matter of minutes.

In a prescient speech to students at Moscow State University in 1988, Ronald Reagan made this point: "Linked by a network of satellites and fiber-optic cables, one individual with a desktop computer and a telephone commands resources unavailable to the largest government only a few years ago." Now is the time to put those resources to work. See page 13 to find out how you can join us.

—WICK ALLISON

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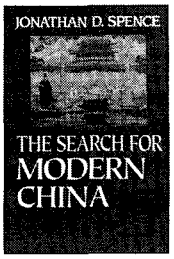

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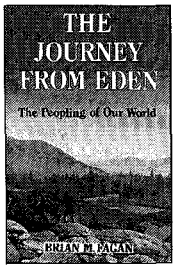

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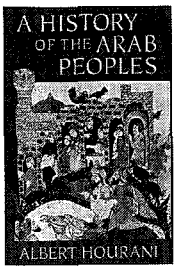

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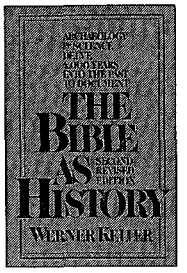

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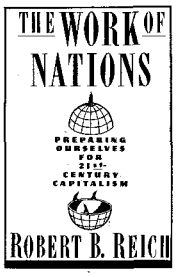

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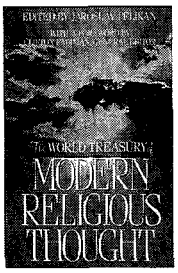

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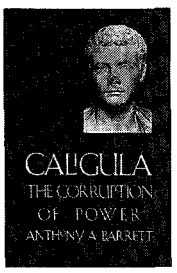

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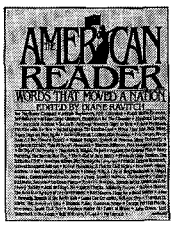

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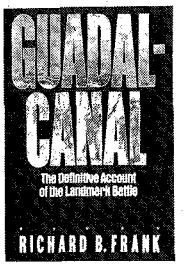

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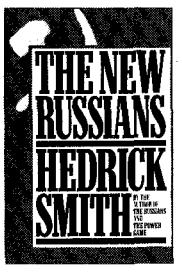

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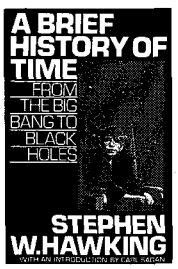

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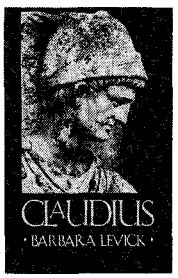

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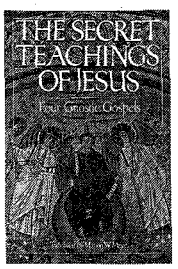

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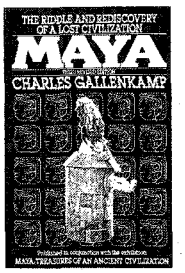

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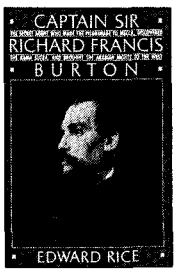

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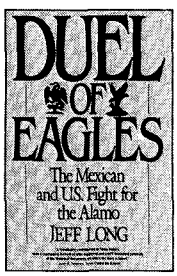

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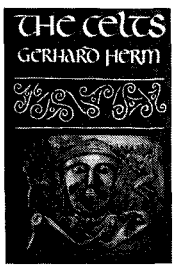

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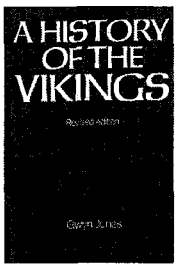

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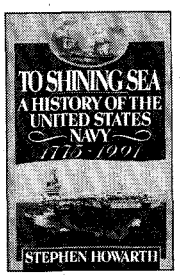

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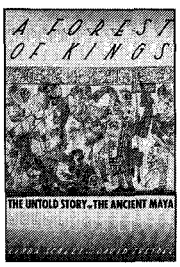

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ON THE RECORD

■ Jolting news from Massachusetts. A *Boston Herald* poll shows 65 per cent of voters think **Edward Kennedy** should not run again (in 1994); only 33 per cent think he should. His favorable/unfavorable rating is 45 per cent favorable, 49 per cent unfavorable. In a match-up against GOP Gov. **William Weld**, it is Weld 55 per cent, Kennedy 32 per cent. . . . Other Kennedy-clique senators also in trouble. In Connecticut, GOP believes **Chris Dodd**—a Kennedy drinking buddy—can be beaten next time around. Party is putting pressure on popular moderate Rep. **Nancy Johnson** and conservative former Rep. **John Rowland** (who ran against **Lowell Weicker** for governor in 1990) to oppose Dodd. . . . In Ohio, a poll taken by **Phil Gramm**'s Republican Senatorial Committee shows 48 per cent feel Sen. **John Glenn** should not run again. Glenn is one of **Keating** Five. . . . Also in peril, South Carolina's **Fritz Hollings**. Matched against popular GOP Gov. **Carroll Campbell**, Hollings trails 59 to 37, and against relatively unknown former Rep. **Tommy Hartnett**, Hollings leads by just ten points. . . . On national level it is desperation time for Dems. July **Sindlinger** poll showing **George Bush** approval rate at 74 per cent marks first time in thirty years that a President has topped the 70 per cent mark for six months in a row. . . . The problem with the Democratic Party, says Democratic Majority Leader Sen. **George Mitchell**, "is that we have an inability to create an awareness of our policy." . . . The problem, says **Kevin Phillips**, is that the Democrats "have an instinct for the capillaries, and not the jugular." . . . The problem, says **Dan Rostenkowski**, chairman of powerful House Ways and Means Committee, is that "we promise more than we can deliver, and then we don't deliver on the promises we make, and people view us as irresponsible."

■ **Clarence Thomas** Supreme Court confirmation took major, if predictable, hit when NAACP and AFL-CIO simultaneously announced their opposition. Announcements, says **Thomas E. Mann** of Brookings Institution, "keep it [the anti-Thomas movement] alive. If the NAACP had stayed out of it, you're looking at token opposition." . . . But anti-Thomas rhetoric, except from certain inflamed quarters, continues muted. AFL-CIO President **Lane Kirkland**'s statement was less than a call to arms: "The President's apparent resolve to make the Court the preserve of the far right wing leaves us no other choice but to oppose Judge Thomas." . . . Rep. **Gary Franks** (R., Conn.), only member of the Black Caucus to approve Thomas nomination, has taken Senate Majority Leader Mitchell to task for asserting that "[race] was a criterion, a factor, in the [Thomas] nomination." Said Franks: "Why do people have to say that every time a black achieves something? Why don't they just say he was qualified or capable?" . . . Most vulgar comment on Thomas to date from syndicated columnist **Carl Rowan**, who wrote: "If you gave Clarence Thomas a little flour on his face, you'd think you had **David Duke** talking." . . . Most gracious, Massachusetts State Senate President **William Bulger**: "Judge Thomas did something unique: he thanked the nuns." . . . Latest **Gallup** shows 62 per cent approve Thomas's nomination, 17 per cent oppose it.

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"And don't put it in the BCCI account this week."

■ **Mikhail Gorbachev** revealed at last week's Moscow summit that 4.2 million Soviets have dropped their Communist Party membership in last 18 months. Party membership is estimated at 15 million—about where it was 18 years ago, in 1973. . . . But that doesn't mean Soviet citizens are ready for market economy. Fascinating Times Mirror Center poll in Ukraine and Russia finds less than 25 per cent favoring the kind of free-market economy found in U.S. or Germany; a majority favor Scandinavia's mixed socialist–capitalist economies. A majority of Ukrainians and Russians think agriculture should be free but that state should continue to control heavy industry, transportation, communications, banking, education, TV and radio. . . . Moscow is cutting back on its international news services. Soviet international broadcasting is down 15 per cent (in hours of air time) from December 1989. And with departure of *Pravda* correspondent **Dmitri Kosyrev** from Manila, the USSR will have only one TASS office and one TV reporter covering all of Southeast Asia. . . . Soviet journal *Neva* has serialized **Robert Conquest**'s *The Great Terror*, for first time in USSR. One reader, **Ivan Rak**, commented that if, in the words of **Merezhovsky**, "it will be **Dostoyevsky** whom Russia will put forward as her case for acquittal at the Last Judgment, so it is Conquest and [**George**] **Orwell**, almost alone, whom the West can then plead in seeking forgiveness for its complicity in Stalinism." . . . China's response to naming of **Ignatius Kung** to College of Cardinals was to arrest Bishop **Joseph Fan**, acting bishop of Shanghai. . . . *Intelligence Digest* says nearly twenty thousand North Korean students who were studying in Eastern Europe when the Wall came down have been recalled and sent to re-education camps.

■ Torn down just before start of Pan-American Games in Havana, a huge banner—"Socialism or Death"—on which someone had appended: "What's the difference?"

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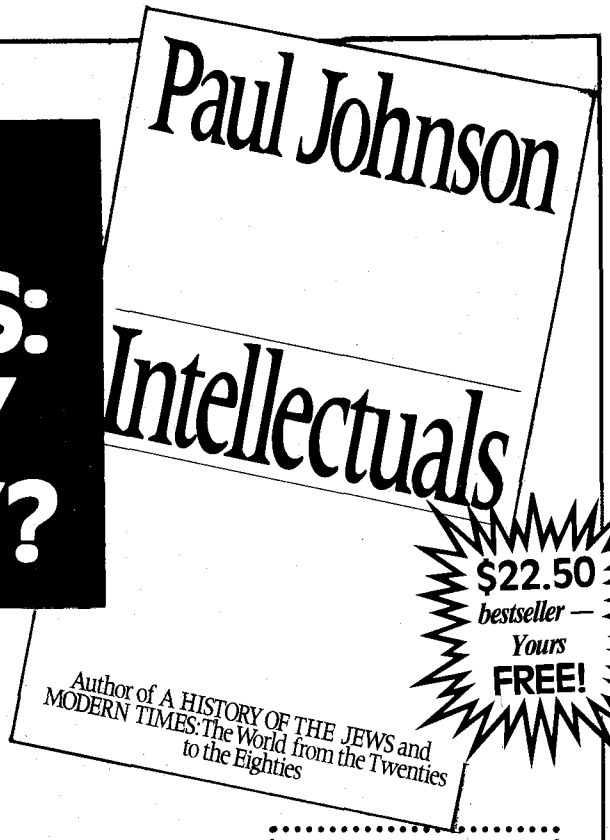

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THE WEEK

■ Congress has announced that it will investigate the October Surprise. Good. And after that? . . . How is it that BCCI let its candidate lose to Reagan?

■ Senator John Danforth (R., Mo.) has been promoting a compromise between George Bush and the Democrats on the civil-rights bill, perhaps doing penance to liberalism for having given the world Clarence Thomas. When negotiations between the senator and the President broke down recently, Danforth accused the Administration of trying "to turn the clock back on civil rights." Danforth and Bush disagree over an interpretation of a 1971 Supreme Court decision, *Griggs* v. *Duke Power Company*, which required employers to show that their job specifications were strictly job related, or non-discriminatory in effect. What Danforth failed to address was whether the burden of proof should rest on employers—i.e., on the accused. *Griggs*, the Democrats, and evidently Danforth believe it should. Bush and a millennium or so of common law disagree. If employers end up shouldering the burden of proof, then they will resort to quotas to lighten it—which is why Bush has been right all along to characterize the Democrats' bill as a "quota bill."

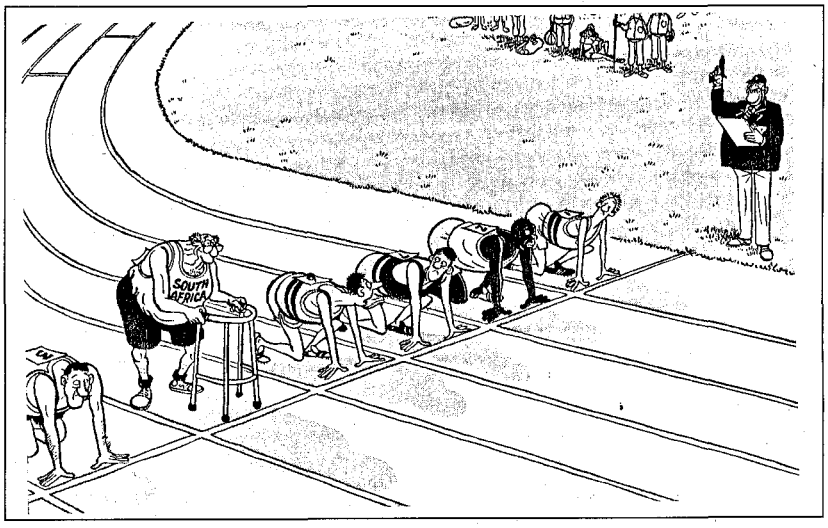
■ Liberal opinion has discovered a new concern: the Rehnquist Court is overturning *too many precedents*. But didn't liberals applaud the Warren Court for doing just that? Yes, but you see . . . well, let attorney Charles Rembar explain it. In a letter to the *New York Times*, Mr. Rembar laments: "The present Supreme Court, in contrast to its predecessors, overturns decisions *recently* made despite the absence of social or economic developments that might require a different judicial response" (our emphasis). That is to say, the Warren Court's precedents should be regarded as sacred for the foreseeable future. Hah. As the Court's conservative majority solidifies, liberals are just going to have to learn a hard lesson: we can't go back to the good old days when you couldn't turn back the clock.

■ HHS Secretary Louis Sullivan did well to cancel that $18-million survey of teenagers' attitudes on sex. We're against $18-million surveys and teen sex, in that order.

■ Milwaukee printed zillions of posters to kick off a recycling program, only to find that the posters can't be recycled.

■ The Japanese stock-market scandal, in which nearly all of that nation's brokerages admit to improperly compensating big companies and influential politicians to cover stock-market losses, is but the latest episode in Japan Inc.'s slow dismemberment. For years Japan's economic policies have been set by a closely knit coterie of politicians and businessmen. The result—not surprisingly—was pro-business: consumer spending was suppressed, foreign goods were kept out, and Japanese companies enjoyed access to a vast pool of private savings. But in recent years, as economic growth stumbled, the cheap and easy money policy increasingly stimulated speculation rather than production. The Nikkei average, after doubling between 1980 and 1985, tripled over the next four years, and real-estate prices exploded: Japan has only 0.3 per cent of the world's land mass but its real estate is estimated to account for 60 per cent of the world's real-estate value. The party might have gone on longer had an earlier scandal not seriously weakened the Kaifu government. The political disarray gave the Bank of Japan, which unlike the Fed is not independent, the opening to burst the bubble. Interest rates were promptly pushed up, the Nikkei stock average plunged nearly 50 per cent in the first nine months of last year, and (we know now) Japan Inc.'s power structure was secretly bailed out. The moral of all this just might be that government meddling, whether on behalf of business or consumers, is ultimately bad for the economy.

■ The citizens of Berkeley, California, have come up with a program of vouchers for the homeless, called Berkeley Cares. Instead of giving that beggar a



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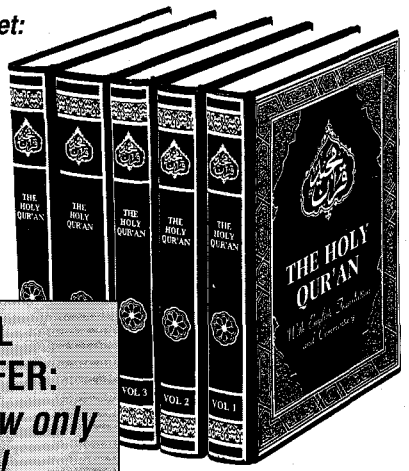

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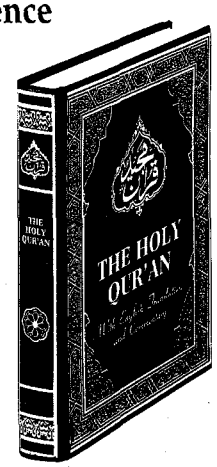

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quarter, you can give him a voucher, which he has to use to some good end: food and laundry, say—no liquor, no cigarettes, no drugs. Well, maybe. What's to stop addicts from collecting and then selling the vouchers to other, unaddicted homeless people? And should a private citizen give even a penny to a beggar when such largesse rewards him for begging? But these are not the questions asked in Berkeley: the program is under attack from various "homeless advocates," who object to charity with strings: "Once you give it to them, it's their money, and they should be able to do what they want with it. To put a moral judgment on what is acceptable is condescending, degrading, and it's really nobody's business." As an argument for keeping our hands in our pockets, that may pass muster. As a basis for charity, it assumes that you do a man a kindness by subsidizing his vice.

■ At midcentury, Vladimir Nabokov made one of the most extreme choices a writer can make, giving up his native Russian to write in English. At about the same time, Isaac Bashevis Singer made the equally extreme choice of continuing to write in his native Yiddish, even though the culture was dying and the people who had sustained the language had been murdered or, when they had survived, had been reborn into a new identity with an older language. The future will come to its own judgments on the combination of dybbuks, kabbalists, and copulation—magical realism *avant la lettre*—that was Singer's special subject matter. But only one judgment is possible on the gallant steadfastness of his enterprise.

■ Greek Orthodox leaders have finally made for the door of the National Council of Churches, having concluded the group was taking "extreme liberties" with Christianity. "We cannot play any more with 'Christianity'—in quotation marks," declared Archbishop Iakovos, the church's primate for North and South America. "Christ is not a playboy." Other churches among the Council's 32 denominations will probably follow as it becomes harder and harder to recognize liberalism's swingin' Saviour, Who shrugs off unchastity and abortion, is sensitive to the evolving mores of our complex times, and doesn't care much how His people live provided they learn to be "tolerant" of one another. But in its slow dissolution the Council still bears witness to at least one Scriptural truth, an institutional version of Paul's warning that to be carnal-minded is death.

■ Har, har, har. Somebody is writing an unauthorized biography of unauthorized biographer Kitty Kelley, portraying her as a thief, a liar, and promiscuous, but apparently stopping short of charging that she had lunch with Frank Sinatra.

■ *New York Post* headline: "D'AMATO BEATS ETHICS RAP." With exonerations like that, who needs convictions?

■ To all the young writers who have grown old waiting for the results of our competition (announced in the anniversary issue, November 5, 1990), our deepest apologies. We had not imagined how many entries we would receive, and how hard-pressed we would be to select the best from the good. On the other hand, for those contestants who eventually become professional writers, this may have proved a useful introduction to editorial delays.

We will offer more comments on the contestants and our standards of judging next issue, and will publish the winning entry in due course. But for the time being, here is the long-awaited announcement.

The winner is: Adam Lieberman of Brooklyn, New York. Tied for second place: Howard Hogan of Washington, D.C., and Rich Lowry of Arlington, Virginia. Thanks to them, and to all the others who took part.

Stroking Gorbachev

FOR ALL the arms-control and foreign-policy trappings, the main subject at the Moscow summit was the internal collapse of the host country. "Superpower Summit" was a misnomer. There is only one superpower—the United States—and the President's Soviet visit was like a conqueror's tour, if not a doctor's visit to a patient (George Bush apparently does make house calls).

The unprecedented quality of it all may account for the uncertain message the President conveyed. The last time an American President visited Moscow, in 1988, Ronald Reagan's trumpet sounded a clearer tone; he did not fear to break the taboos that cautious specialists in superpower etiquette urged on him. He quoted Solzhenitsyn; he praised the Church; he met with dissidents and invited them to dinner—which was not at all pleasing to his Soviet hosts, but which delighted and inspired the subject peoples of the empire and so hastened its present disintegration.

By contrast, President Bush clung to his personal endorsement of the failing Gorbachev. He rebuffed the Ukrainian Nationalist movement (Rukh) on his visit to Kiev and urged the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet to remain in the USSR. He overlooked the Baltic repression, which is the dirty underside of Gorbachev's policy of preserving the Union. Mr. Bush spoke eloquently and often about political and

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economic freedom, but his message taken overall was one of urging restraint on all sides, oppressor and oppressed equally.

There were some high points. The President's visit to Babi Yar was a moment of nobility. His visit to the Ukraine was, in its way, an acknowledgment of the new identity and importance of that republic and, by extension, of all the republics. He remembered to chide the Soviets for their retention of the Japanese Northern Territories. He gave the Soviets

SDI WATCH

Strategic Opening

THE *Washington Post* is again making life awkward for conservatives. By voicing its support for the Nunn–Warner strategic-defense amendment, the *Post* has reinforced the suspicion that the plan is merely a ploy to forestall a more aggressive program for fielding the Brilliant Pebbles space-based interceptor system. After all, Sam Nunn is not universally revered by SDI supporters, many of whom view his past discourses on strategic defense as a threat to their program. And since there are those within the Administration who have never warmed to the idea of strategic defense, Administration support for Nunn–Warner offers little solace.

Regardless of their suspicions, conservatives should look very closely at what the chairman and ranking member of the Senate Armed Services Committee have put forward. The compromise approved by the committee as the Missile Defense Act of 1991 provides $4.6 billion for both SDI and theater missile defenses. It commits the United States to deploying a treaty-compliant anti-ballistic-missile system at a single site by fiscal year 1996 (i.e., September 30, 1995). It sets forth the goal of deploying in subsequent years an ABM system that would include space-based sensors (such as the Brilliant Eyes system) and that would have sufficient sites to defend the entire United States, which a single-site system simply cannot do.

The bill also commits $625.3 million to fund Brilliant Pebbles space-based interceptors and other follow-on technologies. To foster the program post 1996, the bill directs the Administration to open negotiations with the Soviets immediately on amending the ABM treaty to allow for multiple-site deployment. Should the Soviets refuse, the U.S. would consider withdrawing from the treaty (which the treaty itself permits us to do).

The Nunn–Warner package is far from perfect. The committee's emphasis appears to be primarily on ground-based systems. This emphasis mirrors the longtime behavior patterns of those who have opposed any changes to the treaty. For years, such people have stressed their commitment to "theater" missile defense—meaning defenses outside the United States—which has enabled them to fund programs such as Israel's Arrow anti-tactical-ballistic-missile system without developing a guilty conscience about the ABM treaty. And less virulent opponents of SDI, Senator Nunn among them, nevertheless have at best favored only ground-based defenses for the United States. Space-based defenses have always been taboo.

The Nunn–Warner compromise, by legitimizing changes in the treaty even as research on space-based defenses proceeds apace, has for the first time opened the door to full deployment of such defenses around the turn of the century. No decision needs to be made at this time regarding deployment of Brilliant Pebbles. The program is at an early stage in its development, and the greatest danger is congressionally induced infant mortality. Under Nunn–Warner, its viability, and that of the concept of space-based active defenses that it represents, is assured.

Still, the greatest significance of Nunn–Warner is that, for the first time, it challenges the principle, so cherished by arms controllers, that the ABM treaty must be inviolate, a fact that has not been lost upon Senators Gore, Levin, and other treaty diehards. Nunn–Warner may tempt the Soviets to make adjustments in the treaty to their benefit: allowing for additional sites would enable the central government, seeking to win the confidence of its restive republics, to offer protection to cities other than Moscow. But the go-it-alone abrogation provision in Nunn–Warner is still more significant. For the first time, the Soviet stranglehold on the treaty, so carefully nourished by its American proponents, will have been broken, at least in principle. And in the theology of arms control, principle is everything.

Conservatives should throw their support behind the Nunn–Warner Missile Defense Act. To do anything less would be to fritter away a major breakthrough on the ABM treaty, and to condemn Brilliant Pebbles, Brillant Eyes, and all the other key elements of a viable strategic defense to the dusty shelves of think-tank libraries.

—Dov S. Zakheim

Mr. Zakheim, a former Deputy Under Secretary of Defense, is CEO of SPC International, in Arlington, Va.

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no economic windfall, only the sensible advice that the onus of reform rested on their own shoulders.

The President's approach can be interpreted as a strategy of stroking Gorbachev in order to render him malleable—of flattering him by giving him an international standing that everyone knows is false, but that makes him play along with our own foreign-policy goals (as in the Middle East). The question remains, nevertheless, whether our policy is helping or undercutting the true reforms. Our unambiguous backing for Gorbachev's ambiguous policies enables him to postpone hard choices. It discourages the reformers, and it sustains the centralized state bureaucracy that is a burden on the economy and an obstacle to democracy. As Gorbachev is overwhelmed by events, our policy will be overwhelmed too. Sadly, this will be no bad thing.

Darmageddon—The Sequel

REMEMBER the deficit? You're forgiven for forgetting. Outside of the conservative think-tank circuit, little has been written or said about it since last fall. Yet the imbalance between federal spending and revenues is expected to reach $318 billion this year—double what was thought likely following the "budget summit" last October, and a new record. At 5.8 per cent of GNP, the deficit now accounts for a larger share of the economy than in any other postwar year except 1983. So why were the Reagan deficits so frightening, when the Bush deficit goes unnoticed?

There is one crucial difference between the two: Reagan's deficits had a fiscal function. The fear that federal debt represented a burden on future generations, inevitably leading to a "day of reckoning," scared Congress into a modicum of spending restraint during those years. But the deficit could only be used to control spending as long as the President was prepared to veto a tax increase. Once President Bush agreed to raise taxes, that discipline collapsed. In quick succession, he got higher taxes, higher spending, higher deficits, and recession. Federal spending will reach $1.41 trillion this year, $265 billion more than two years ago. Spending as a percentage of GNP—the truest measure of the burden on the nation—has jumped from 22.3 per cent in Reagan's last year to more than 25 per cent today. The economy continues to bump along.

Most people assume that tax revenues have fallen along with the economy, producing higher deficits despite spending "restraint." This, of course, is nonsense: revenues of $1.1 trillion will give the government record purchasing power this year, both in nominal and in inflation-adjusted terms. This amount is indeed below the *estimates* made during the October agreement, but those estimates were doomed from the start. The Congressional Budget Office blithely assumed, for example, that wealthy taxpayers would buy as many yachts and Jaguars after the 10 per cent luxury tax as before. Similarly, the healthy rise in personal-income-tax revenues never materialized: higher tax rates weakened the economy, just as the supply-siders had warned.

The real problem, however, is on the spending side. The impact of those much heralded caps imposed on discretionary spending has been likened to that of a 150-mile-per-hour speed limit placed on American drivers: compliance only makes things worse. So it should come as no surprise that during the first eight months of fiscal 1991 (October through May) agriculture spending was 20 per cent above the comparable period of 1990, health-related spending was 21 per cent higher, and general government expenses were 19 per cent higher.

It's easy to blame "the system" or Congress for the spending explosion of the past few years, and it's largely right to do so. The man at the top bears some responsibility, however. Neither Mr. Bush nor his Cabinet-level appointees, in particular Budget Director Richard Darman, has demonstrated the enthusiasm for the minimalist approach to government that inspired the Reagan Administration. Congress can always spend more, secure in the knowledge that the President will not "embarrass" himself by vetoing politically attractive spending.

Had Mr. Bush followed through on his campaign pledge—a flexible spending freeze, lower capital-gains taxes, and, above all, *no new taxes*—the deficit "problem" would be a manageable one gradually disappearing into history. The recession might never have happened; it would certainly have been less severe. Such are the rewards of bipartisanship.

GI Jane

BACK WHEN the Soviets first invaded Afghanistan, comedian Bill Murray put forth his solution on *Saturday Night Live*: Send over an all-female contingent. If we win, great. If we lose, we say, "Big deal, you beat up a bunch of girls."

With its overwhelming 69 to 30 vote to lift combat restrictions on women fighter pilots, the U.S. Senate seems to have adopted the Murray Defense Plan. Removing combat restrictions on women invites a host of practical questions. But the salient point about the Senate vote is that feminists don't even want these questions asked, much less answered: no debate, no presidential commission (which is what the Armed Services Committee wanted), no actual study of the performance of woman soldiers during Desert Storm.

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Making fighter pilots—mostly white officers—the test case was a nice touch. Enlisted women by and large want the combat restrictions retained, and had the move been made on the issue of ground combat there would have been an uproar in the ranks. As it was, the boys even winked at rules prohibiting lobbying in uniform when female officers made their push on the Hill. It helped that Defense Secretary Dick Cheney took a hike on the issue, leaving Congress without any guidance.

Whatever the Senate vote, there is little evidence to suggest that Americans are eager to send their daughters into combat; nor did the idea of separating young mothers from their babies go down well. In the wake of Desert Storm the U.S. military was highly praised for being the most perfectly integrated institution in the nation. We joined in that praise, because integration was achieved on merit. Having stood up to Saddam Hussein, the President should not truckle to Pat Schroeder.

Mr. Madison to Oppose

CONGRESSMAN Rick Santorum (R., Pa.) received a political lesson when he attempted to secure a roll-call vote on the bill which granted senators a $23,200 pay raise. The vote was opposed by House Democratic *and* Republican leaders. The reason, says a spokesman for GOP Whip Newt Gingrich: "If there was a roll-call vote it would have been hard to give the Senate what it wanted." The Senate backed last year's House pay increase; rejecting the Senate's raise now would have caused "a breach of comity" between the two bodies.

Some thirty minutes before Santorum made his motion, the Whip's office—on the orders of Minority Leader Bob Michel, backed by "a united Republican leadership"—ordered GOP members onto the House floor. Santorum asked for a recorded vote, which is automatic when, as is usually the case, a quorum is lacking. But with 225 members milling around, Santorum was forced to ask for a "sufficient second," which triggers a vote if 25 members stand. Only four did so. Santorum's motion failed, and the bill passed by an anonymous "voice vote."

Such bipartisan duplicity may soon be pointless, however, thanks to James Madison. Thirty-five states have to date ratified his constitutional amendment stating: "No law varying the compensation for the services of the senators and representatives shall take effect until an election of representatives shall have intervened." No deadline is attached to this amendment, and 27 states have ratified it since 1983, the last being North Dakota this March. Just three more states are needed to enact the 202-year-old language. If anyone has the right to amend the Constitution, James Madison does.

George Bush, Spellbound

Not like Mr. Peck, who made
Ingrid flee his razor blade,
But like Romanoffs who fell
Victim to Rasputin's spell:
So, at least, it seemed to those
Border guards with turned-up toes.

W. H. VON DREELE

Black on Black

OUR MAJOR MEDIA, and indeed our political culture, have yet to fathom the degree to which the South African story is no longer a story of white versus black, but now hangs crucially on the outcome of the struggle between radical blacks (the African National Congress) and moderate blacks (the Zulu-led Inkatha, and others). A victory for the radical ANC promises disaster for South Africa, for the rest of Africa, and for the West. Yet an understanding of these stakes is not a prominent feature of our national debate.

Prime Minister F. W. De Klerk has undertaken to be the Gorbachev of South Africa. Like Gorbachev, he is discovering that to begin a process of relinquishing power does not mean one can control its course. On the contrary, in South Africa as in the Soviet Union, events are a train gathering speed. The best proof that the issue of white power is settled is the struggle that has broken out among the black groups over which of them will dominate. Yet, the political leadership of black America and its liberal allies continue to resist the lifting of economic sanctions and to speak as if white intransigence were still the major issue.

The ANC has done little to ease doubts about the unwisdom (or worse) of its programs. Nelson Mandela, idolized for his prison ordeal, continues to associate ostentatiously with the less savory brand of Third World leader—from Yasir Arafat to (just recently) Fidel Castro. The ANC's Marxist economic policies promise to bring prosperous South Africa down to where the Soviet Union is today. The continuing influence of the South African Communist Party tells us something of the group's political philosophy.

The mini-scandal about South African government subsidies to the moderate Inkatha is hard to take seriously: Where has the ANC been getting *its* funds over the years? And finally, the willingness of white

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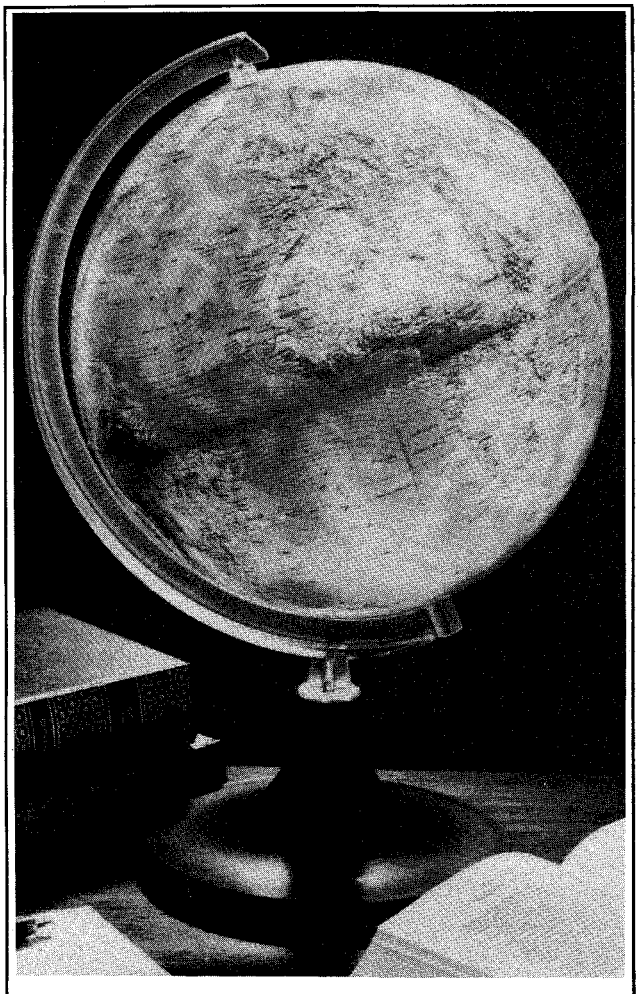

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South Africans ultimately to yield to majority rule without a fight will be more plausible if moderate blacks inherit power, much less so if power goes to the ANC.

ANC power is today the central issue. The Bush Administration, if one reads between the lines, understands this. It has welcomed Inkatha leader Mangosuthu Buthelezi to the White House; it has never accepted the ANC's pretension to be the sole legitimate representative of South African blacks. Preventing the ANC from coming into power in anything like its current form should be the major U.S. objective in South Africa after apartheid goes. And someone should say it plain.

So Long, People's Park

THE PATCH OF LAND at the University of California at Berkeley unofficially known as People's Park was taken over during the tumultuous summer of 1968 by the surrounding counterculture. The open land was invaded by bedraggled squatters who grew and smoked marijuana, played musical instruments both familiar and weird, and fornicated in public.

The occupiers were—at least for the most part—not Berkeley students. And indeed, the occupation coincided with a crime wave on that campus in which the criminals were mostly not students. Capitalist or "Amerikan" property was supposed to be fair game for those opposed to the System.

The occupiers had no legal right to the land, but the university dithered. Then Governor Ronald Reagan ordered out the constabulary, and the university took back formal control of People's Park, putting up a fence around it. Since then, however, the university gradually caved in again. The unsightly canaille of the Sixties moved back. Church groups fed them. They could get lunches at nearby AIDS services. Even Hare Krishna lent a hand.

Recently, however, the university repossessed People's Park, and moved in police and bulldozers. The repossession indicates that the lingering remnants of the 1960s—the semi-anarchic counterculture that still exists in San Francisco and Berkeley—are for the moment defeated. The property again belongs to the real "people" of California, the taxpayers.

The 1960s arguably began at Berkeley. Maybe they have ended there.

Just a Hand-Sized Cloud

Those predicting a double-dip slump
Mill around in a quarantined clump;
But if, like Nostradamus,
They perform as they promise,
Mr. Bush will be busting his hump.

W. H. VON DREELE

Lazar Kaganovich, R I P*

A NIL NISI BONUM obituary of Lazar Kaganovich would be not just short, but a complete blank. To call him an accomplice in Stalin's crimes is too mild a summing up. He was himself a major instigator; and insofar as it lay in his power to make Stalinism worse, he did so. He was an Old Bolshevik—and this alone should tell us something about that supposed association of revolutionary idealists. He became Stalin's most trusted executive seventy years ago; he devastated the North Caucasus and the Ukraine with shootings and starvation; he destroyed the ancient center of Moscow; his presence in provincial capitals during the Great Terror was known as "the Black Tornado" as he ordered thousands to the local torture chambers and execution cellars. When his own brother Mikhail was accused, though a Jew, of being Hitler's nominee as head of a Russian Fascist government, Kaganovich supported his arrest (though in fact the brother managed to commit suicide in Mikoyan's lavatory). In Stalin's last anti-Semitic phase, Kaganovich made no objection.

He used to tell subordinates who questioned the fate of innocent men, "When the wood is cut down, the chips will fly." But when he himself lost power he begged Khrushchev not to shoot him. Inhuman, terroristic, cowardly, he typified the Soviet leadership throughout its most crucial and formative period, when it was especially admired by Western apologists. A horrible man. —ROBERT CONQUEST

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I would just like you to see the warm letters that Hertz is now sending out to its Platinum Card members [letter from the president of Hertz enclosed]. I know that it will choke you up, but I thought there might be a book in it. If it could be a movie I, of course, would write it.

They don't make people like Frank Olson any more.

Cheers,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

*But only after a decent interval.

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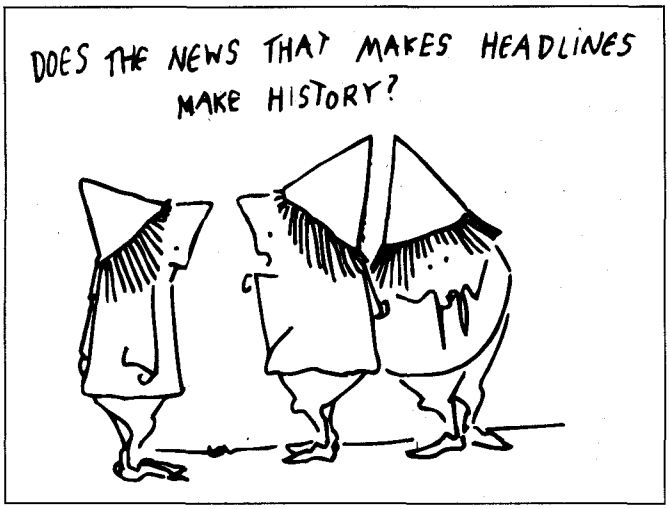

Dear Art: I will write the introduction to your book, and Mr. Olson will put one in each Hertz, and we'll be rich, and won't need to write any more. . . . On the other hand, I don't want to go without reading you, so cancel all the above. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a loyal reader of *NR* for almost thirty years, I've come to look forward to your "confidential" letters to remind readers that it is time for renewal. And I will renew, but I'm disturbed by the statement in Mr. Capano's letter, ". . . in the *postage-free envelope provided for your convenience*."

Is the phrase "postage-free" an indication that we have to put the stamp on the envelope? The envelope I received has a fiat, "Please Place Stamp Here." What gives?

It doesn't really matter, for I would pay dearly to get your mag yearly.

Cordially,
A. J. Lamb
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please be assured that there is not now, nor has there ever been, a rule against beginning a sentence with *and*, although there have been a good many admonitions to that effect by soi-disant arbiters of usage. Most of this nonsense originated among the late Victorians and their turn-of-the-century successors (but not including the brothers Fowler).

This silliness survives in some high schools, apparently, but not, I should think, in the better ones. Surely, one of the characteristics of a good high school is that it teaches its students to pay attention to what they read. Anyone who believes that there is a "rule" against beginning a sentence with *and*—or with any other coordinating conjunction—simply isn't paying attention.

To convince yourself that I'm telling the truth, all you need do is grab the first half-dozen books at hand and begin turning pages at random. You'll quickly find examples in good plenty of sentences beginning with *and*.

Sincerely yours,
Douglas Crenshaw
Antioch, Tenn.

P.S. To save you some trouble, I herewith append some examples culled from the books nearest my own hand. In the event that these fellows aren't sufficiently authoritative for Mr. Sidorsky to acknowledge your "high scholarly right to begin a sentence with an 'and' " ["Notes & Asides," July 29], I also append examples from a longer list I keep for another purpose (including sentences from the prose of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Carlyle, Mill, Dickens, George Eliot, Arnold, Newman, Ruskin, T. H. Huxley, Pater, Wilde, Shaw, Conrad, Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Beckett, Forster, Woolf, Lessing, Hulme, Richards, and Empson). After all, high scholars shouldn't be denied rights everybody else has.

1. And then the fog rose from the ground and from the very leaves and through the fog I saw the body.
—William Goyen, "In the Icebound Hothouse"

2. And the strategy worked.
—Paul Johnson, *Intellectuals*

3. And would you write "The worst tennis player around here is I" or "The worst tennis player around here is me"? The first is good grammar, the second is good judgment—although the *me* might not do in all contexts.
—Strunk & White, *Elements of Style*

4. And, for a good fisherman, the object was not to bring home a mess of fish.
—Franklin Burroughs, *Billy Watson's Croker Sack*

5. And although it is arguable that a faction might insinuate itself into the control of a legislature, this will be the less likely in proportion to the greater size of the area represented.
—Max Beloff, introduction, *The Federalist*

6. And a further reason for caution, in this respect, might be drawn from the reflection, that we are not always sure that those who advocate the truth are actuated by purer principles than their antagonists.
—*The Federalist* (#I Hamilton)

7. And what inspired guesses there have been!
—Malcolm Muggeridge, *Confessions of a Twentieth-Century Pilgrim*

8. And wearily, but not *simply* wearily, he returned that look.
—John Barth, *The Last Voyage of Somebody the Sailor*

Crenshaw! Stop! I can't stand any more, and you have sent along 62! Massive retaliation was repealed at the Summit last week. Cordially, **—WFB**

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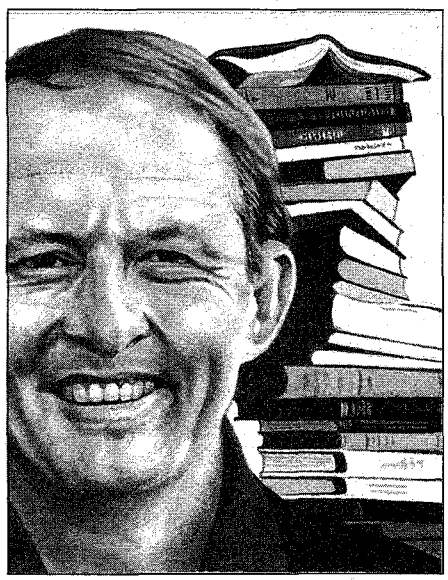
ON THE SCENE

Lamar's Choice

WILLIAM McGURN



Bonnie Gardner

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SHORTLY after George Bush released his America 2000 program for improving U.S. schools, Education Secretary Lamar Alexander trucked up to the Capitol for a meeting with Senate Republicans. He had just got Teddy Kennedy and Claiborne Pell to agree to introduce the Administration's education bill. Forget about vouchers and national testing (the guts of the President's program), Alexander told the Republicans. The idea was to get an education bill, *any* education bill, through Congress before the August recess, and neither of those provisions would get past Kennedy. But picture this, he told them: photo ops with Barbara Bush next year in front of the "New American School" in your district.

A pretty crass appeal, but then the idea of an education bill whose centerpiece is 535 New American Schools—one for every congressman and senator—speaks for itself. Of all those in the room (Senators Bob Dole, Nancy Kassebaum, Thad Cochran, Dave Durenberger, Alan Simpson, Dan Coats, and Bob Kasten), the only ones to object were Coats and Kasten. Kasten likened the education bill to last year's crime bill, where in the interest of getting something passed the Administration softened it, and the result was that the House liberalized it even further. But Alexander insisted: Ditch choice and national testing, push through a bipartisan bill, and then come back next year and ding the Democrats for dropping choice. Two days later Kennedy introduced the Administration's package as S-1141.

Today the deal with Kennedy appears to have broken down. Whether this is because the White House has been getting flak from those concerned about choice in education or (more likely) because Kennedy is getting too greedy is not yet clear. But the signs are not good. The only provisions in the education package worth a darn were choice and a national test; without them all that's left is pork.

Now, no one at Education is going to admit choice has been dropped, but at a recent meeting of conservative groups Secretary Alexander refused to say he would insist on retaining a choice provision when the bill went to committee. "These guys really think that the New American Schools provisions are more radical than choice," says Jeanne Allen of the Heritage Foundation. "It's sort of like *Field of Dreams*—if we build it, they'll come."

Even if they do, the New American Schools have a number of problems. Although the idea is to allow these designated schools "to break the mold" (Alexander's words), there's no guarantee that a million dollars for any school is going to change anything; probably it will only be frittered away on educational fads. More to the point, these schools will still be under state regulations. Say Principal X wanted to introduce a new textbook or hire new and creative teachers; he'd still run up against the same old state regulations. As a bribe to get some sort of voucher proposal through, the New American Schools might well have been worth the $535-million price tag (some of which is to be picked up by private sources). But on its own it is nothing more than a new liberal spending initiative.

George Bush made just this point about spending when he introduced his America 2000 plan on April 18, and it's hard to misinterpret his priorities here. In May the President told a graduating class at Hampton University that "choice means hope," that it was an issue whose "time has come." Two months earlier, at Secretary Alexander's swearing in, Bush insisted that choice "isn't radical—it's common sense." On March 6 he told a Joint Session of Congress that he intended "to expand choice in education." The theme dates back to the first days of his Administration. A week before he was inaugurated, Bush told a White House workshop that "it's time for a second great wave of education reform . . . the single most promising of these ideas is choice."

In other words, if we're not getting anywhere on choice it isn't because the President hasn't been willing to be out front on the issue. It's because his Secretary is unwilling to follow through. Just days before the America 2000 plan was made public, the choice provision was still absent. Only some last-minute muscle exerted behind the scenes by John Sununu prevented it from being left out altogether.

Playing to Kennedy only makes matters worse. Kennedy doesn't need an education bill, so there is no incentive for him to compromise. To the contrary, knowing how badly the Department of Education wants one, he has every incentive to escalate his demands—e.g., school-based birth-control clinics. This was pretty much the same thing Kennedy did last year to the Administration's Excellence in Education bill, when he jerked around the White House until literally the last minutes of the Congress.

Sadder still is that Alexander is giving up just as a groundswell is building in favor of choice. When Ronald

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Reagan broached the subject in the Eighties, he did so virtually alone. There was no Polly Williams, the former welfare mother who pushed through a choice program in Wisconsin. The Brookings Institution was not publishing pro-voucher books such as John Chubb and Terry Moe's *What Price Democracy?*. And there was no Clarence Thomas to show what opportunities choice might open up for minority children. When, as Education Secretary, William Bennett floated a voucher proposal in February 1986, he was trounced. But he put the Congress on record and moved the ball forward.

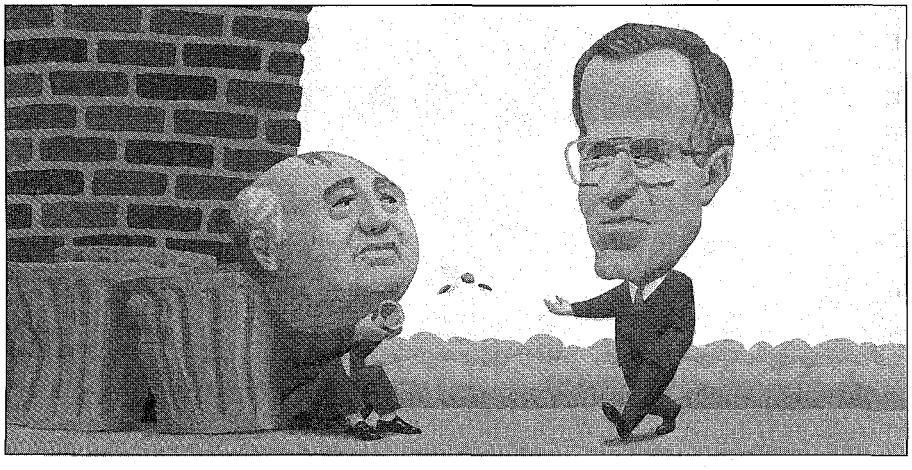
"Before the Reagan Administration raised the [voucher] issue, it was considered an odd view on the fringes of the public-policy debate," says Gary Bauer, who was Bennett's undersecretary. "The constant crashing of our heads into the congressional roadblock legitimated the issue and paved the way for developments today."

If the Democrats were smart, they'd play up the cynicism behind the idea of a new school for every congressman and senator, sort of an updated version of Hoover's chicken-in-every-pot. They might even play back President Bush's statements favoring choice and ruling out new spending as the answer, all of which would make America 2000 look like another piece of government gobbledegook.

"We don't need America 2000 schools," says the Heritage Foundation's vice president for government relations, Kate O'Beirne. "What we need is America 1950 schools." □

The Party's Over

DAN SNEIDER



Chris Miles

Moscow

JUST when you think Boris Yeltsin has become a respectable Soviet politician, he proves you wrong. On July 20, just after Mikhail Gorbachev flew back from London, Yeltsin dropped a bombshell: a ban, effective in 14 days, on all "organized political structures" in all state institutions and enterprises on Russian soil.

Yeltsin's decree is nominally aimed at all political organizations, but in reality it strikes solely at one—the Communist Party—because that is the only one with organized political structures. The Party, as it is still simply referred to here, can no longer claim anything resembling popular support. Yeltsin's own overwhelming election as president of Russia was the latest proof of that. But the Party retains power through the ubiquitous network of Party cells spread throughout every institution of Soviet society. The Party overlaps so much with the state bureaucracy that Soviet intellectuals derisively refer to the "partocracy."

When the Party Politburo replied to Yeltsin's decree, the Soviet population was treated to one of those surreal moments that seem to come more and more frequently these days. Without a hint of irony, the architects of one-party dictatorship condemned the decree as "anti-democratic," an act against the constitution, and a violation of human rights.

Yeltsin dismissed his enemies in typical fashion. "I strongly reject these allegations," he said at a press conference. "The decree does not limit civil rights and liberties. It limits the monopoly of one party, or rather of the partocracy. It's no wonder the Party press has raised such hell over it."

The decree had come just days before the Party Central Committee was due to hold a two-day plenum, July 25–26, widely predicted to be yet another occasion for the orthodox Communists to take aim at Mikhail Gorbachev and his reformist allies. At the previous Central Committee plenum, held in late April, the Party stalwarts had tried to oust Gorbachev from his post as Party General Secretary. Gorbachev had outflanked them by making his April 23 deal at the so-called "9 plus 1" meeting, where the leaders of nine Soviet Republics agreed to sign an amended draft of the new Treaty of Union. Armed with this reconciliation with Yeltsin and others, Gorbachev easily turned his opponents back.

The subject for the July plenum was a new draft Party program, the first since 1961. The "fundamentalists," as Gorbachev labeled his opponents, assailed the document as nothing less than counter-revolutionary. Indeed the document is remarkable for the breezy alacrity with which it dumps such sacred ideas as the dictatorship of the proletariat, class struggle, the vanguard party, even atheism.

On the face of it, such a document should have split the party into pieces right there. Only a few of the 38 speakers who rose during the two days gave it any endorsement. Yet when it came time to vote, the partocrats raised their Party cards in overwhelming and dutiful approval.

How does one explain this? Yeltsin told an interviewer some days later that his decree was a deliberate ploy to "open a second front" and distract the "reactionary forces who wanted to issue mighty volleys against Gorbachev." Indeed, Gorbachev's relatively mild response to the Yeltsin decree was widely seen as evidence of a backroom understanding.

Conspiracy theories also abounded when former Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze helped found a "Movement for Democratic Reforms" in July. Many people, both left and right, saw

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this as an attempt to create an opportunity for Gorbachev to run for president without having to rely on the Communist Party.

The day after the plenum closed, a small group of reporters cornered Aleksandr Yakovlev, a key player in the Movement, and the intellectual architect of *perestroika* and *glasnost*. The idea that Gorbachev is the *éminence grise* behind the Movement is "just a fantasy," Yakovlev told us. The impetus came from "life itself," from the conviction that they had to rally the democratic opposition before "reaction snatches the initiative from our hands."

Unknown to us at the time, Yakovlev had earlier that day tendered his resignation as Gorbachev's advisor. He gently drew a line between himself and Gorbachev by dismissing the idea of reforming the Party as "a little bit too late . . . the train has left the station." The acquiescence of the Party bureaucrats was mere "tactics," he said. They don't care about ideology, only about keeping their positions of power. "Their armchair is more important than the program," Yakovlev said, in one small phrase burying the last remnants of Communism as an idea rather than a license to rule.

Yakovlev, Yeltsin, and the others are careful never to say anything critical of Gorbachev. Rather, as Gorbachev moves back to a reform path, they are desperately digging a deep moat behind him to block him from returning to the arms of the partocrats. The formation of the Movement and the departisation decree both seemed aimed at forcing Gorbachev to make an irrevocable choice.

For Yeltsin and the other republican leaders, this also means nailing Gorbachev down on a clear division of power that will leave the central government a shell of its former self. They have cleverly exploited Gorbachev's need to present a unified front—both to his Party opponents and to the Western world, on which Gorbachev depends for support.

On July 24, the day before the Party plenum, Gorbachev met with the republican leaders to try to finalize the Union Treaty. They met till 2 A.M. but failed to resolve the sticking point: the Russian and Ukrainian refusal to allow direct federal taxes. George Bush was set to arrive on July 29, and Gorbachev wanted to be able to tell him that he now spoke for a united state.

But Yeltsin plays for keeps. On the afternoon of the 29th, he invited Lithuanian President Vytautas Landsbergis to Moscow to sign a Russian–Lithuanian treaty which essentially recognizes the Baltic Republic as an independent state. Talking to reporters, Yeltsin dismissed the invitation from Gorbachev to join the talks with Bush as a meaningless gesture.

The payoff came that night, as Yeltsin and Gorbachev met for seven and a half hours, till 3 A.M., along with Kazakhstan President Nursultan Nazarbayev. Yeltsin emerged with an agreement on his tax formula and an agreement to divide property clearly with the republics; he refused Gorbachev's entreaties to hold off on implementing his departisation decree. "After this talk," he said later, "I am assured that finally Gorbachev won't zig-zag in his policy."

At that moment the summit began. President Bush and his entourage wandered through the political battlefield, at times seeming blissfully unaware of the flying shells. Bush still has eyes only for Mikhail Sergeyevich; he ignored even the real bullets that felled six Lithuanian police and customs men early on the morning of July 31. But they too were surely victims of the same political war, one which promises to continue no matter how many paeans to a mythical "stability" are uttered by visitors from Washington. □

Boyz N St. John's

LORRIN ANDERSON

NEW YORK

THE BOYS beat the rap. WHITE MEN ACQUITTED IN SEX ABUSE TRIAL OF BLACK WOMAN . . . OR, WHAT ELSE IS NEW? as the *Amsterdam News* headline put it.

"One of the greatest miscarriages of justice the world has ever seen," according to the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, advisor to the complainant. . . . A "rerun" out of the Old South, says Congressman Charles Rangel. . . . Mayor Dinkins is "shocked and dismayed." . . . And it is a verdict that will have a "chilling effect" on the willingness of victims to press charges. The *New York Times* relays a warning from Professor Peggy Sanday: "It's open season on women." There was heightened concern, on Joy Behar's WABC radio talk show, about rampant testosterone poisoning. "Three canny lawyers," Carole Agus writes in *New York Newsday*, "invented a hitherto unheard-of concept: consensual gang rape."

But it was not in fact a rape: no attempt at penetration was alleged. The three defendants were charged with sexual abuse and coerced sodomy—sodomy, in this case, meaning fellatio, performed by a 21-year-old Jamaican-born woman who, like the defendants, was a student at St. John's University in Queens.

There is no reasonable doubt that the sexual bout took place at the house eight male students (most of them members of the lacrosse team) shared —an off-campus residence known locally as "Trump Plaza." The question was whether the young woman was coerced. And the jury decided, after deliberating for six days, that coercion remained unproved. Walter Grabinowitz, Matthew Grandinetti, and Andrew Draghi, all in their early twenties, walked freely out of the Queens County courthouse. They could have gotten 25 years.

It started with a budding friendship, overlaid with flirtation, between the young woman (who has not been publicly identified) and another resident of "Trump Plaza," Michael Calandrillo, who still faces trial.

On March 1, 1990, Calandrillo offered her a ride home from target practice at the rifle club they both belonged to, and sexual bantering that had begun earlier apparently continued in the car. (Had she ever had sex with a white man? Had he ever slept with a black woman?) They ended up at "Trump Plaza," where, allegedly, Calandrillo induced her to drink orange soda laced with vodka, persuaded or forced her to administer fellatio, and then drove off to see his

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Jennifer Lawson

steady girlfriend, leaving Miss X in the company of his hospitable housemates. Whether or not she drank more vodka is unclear—her account has varied—but she says she soon found herself being coerced into doing vile things while drifting in and out of consciousness. A couple of days later she confided her humiliation to a counselor, a nun who advised her to stop drinking with strange men and get on with her life. It was two weeks before she went to the police, an interval that rape counselors say is not uncommon.

The jurors said after the verdict that they hadn't thought much of the prosecution's witnesses, particularly the young woman herself—too many contradictory details, they said. And the jurors, including two blacks and two Hispanics (and six women), emphatically denied that race had anything to do with the verdict.

The police and the prosecution soft-pedaled the racial aspect of the case, but the customary claque of black militants was on hand outside the courthouse, harassing the defendants and their families and proselytizing the jurors (which may have backfired). The young woman herself comes from an upwardly mobile immigrant family, and she declined at first to put a racial label on the case. But her brother, a Yale graduate who is a teacher and journalist, now says it *was* racial; his sister, who has left St. John's, has apparently come around to the same view.

New York's criminal-justice system is a mess. And a special judicial commission provided useful ammunition for black paranoiacs and white guilt freaks when it reported earlier this year that the system is "infested with racism." Since the courts are grubby, often humiliating places, and since they have an overwhelmingly black and Hispanic "clientele," as the *New York Times* tactfully labels the criminal-defendant community, well then, it must follow that "the system must be racist." A truly marvelous leap of judicial logic.

In fact you don't have to do any digging at all to recall interracial cases where white defendants had the book thrown at them (Howard Beach, Bensonhurst), and others where juries returned highly dubious not-guilty verdicts in favor of black defendants. The notorious Larry Davis was acquitted of attempted murder after a shootout that left nine cops wounded. In 1987, a young Brooklyn man named Andre Nichols beat a murder rap after admitting that he shot and killed a white Catholic priest. In 1985, enlightened opinion erupted in fury after an off-duty white cop shot and killed a 17-year-old black "honor student" named Edmund Perry. It turned out that Edmund and his older brother Jonah had mugged the cop. There was no question. But Jonah Perry was acquitted of armed-robbery charges.

After the St. John's verdict, the inevitable invidious contrasts were drawn with the conviction of black defendants in the Central Park jogger case—a curious comparison, not only because of the differing weight of evidence but in view of the fact that the jogger was raped, savagely beaten, and left near death, hardly a parallel to a sexual episode whose victim was not physically injured.

Except for a cadre of militants who supported the black defendants, the racial aspect of the Central Park case tended to be muted, with right-thinking white people focusing on the "anti-woman" aspects. But in the St. John's case, the two themes have blended nicely. And the episode dovetails smoothly with that grand though still uncompleted enterprise, the redefinition of seduction as rape.

Not that "acquaintance rape" doesn't happen—real rape. But the shadings are often treacherous (headline in the *Times*: EVEN THE VICTIM CAN BE SLOW TO RECOGNIZE RAPE). Despite the ordeal complainants typically let themselves in for, their motives do merit scrutiny. In the St. John's case, the defense suggested that the woman finally brought charges out of shame over what she had done voluntarily, and because she was furious over being spurned by Michael Calandrillo. It seems more likely that she was a curious and adventurous young woman who may have gone along with a bit of sexual byplay but soon found that she was involved in something far more extensive and unsavory than she had bargained for, and whose hurt and anger finally led her to counter-attack.

Whatever actually happened in that house in Queens, it is not saying "she asked for it" to note that the young woman behaved naïvely and foolishly, and that imprudence, in sexual as in other matters, often exacts a heavy price. The world, alas, remains a hazard-strewn place, and not just for women. Despite the acquittals, the St. John's jocks have also paid a heavy price for whatever they did. Their lives have been disrupted, and the trial was an emotional bloodbath for them and their families as well as for the girl. Their parents—who had to take out second mortgages—may be in hock for years to pay the staggering legal bills.

The ongoing attempt to obliterate differences between men and women, the blurring of distinctions and behavioral standards, has brought benefits but also costs, particularly in combination with the related revolution in sexual morals and the erosion of protective, if sometimes patronizing, male attitudes. To suggest that a woman's behavior is utterly irrelevant to rape or sexual abuse seems symptomatic of a general flight from responsibility, by both sexes and not only in sexual matters. And lurking in the background is an over-arching if only implicit philosophical premise: that we can make our sex-drenched society risk-free if only we bring all the power of the state to bear on things that remain stubbornly, intractably, essentially private. □

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help

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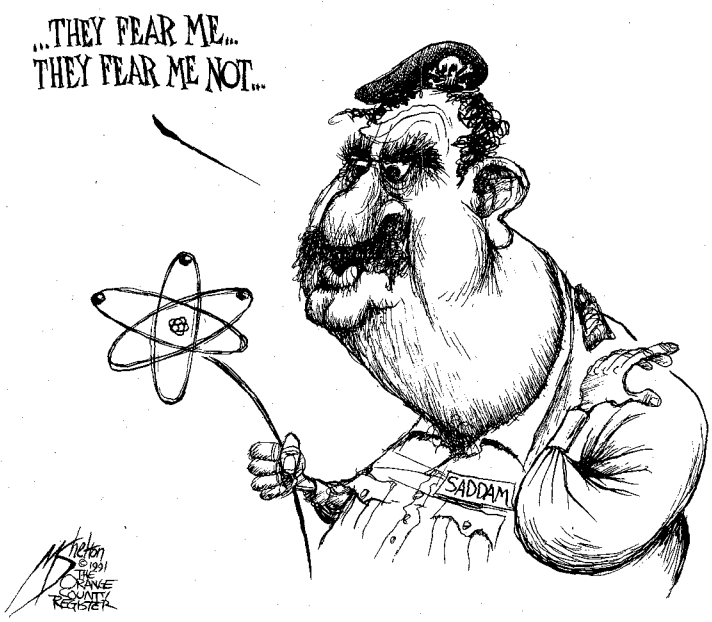
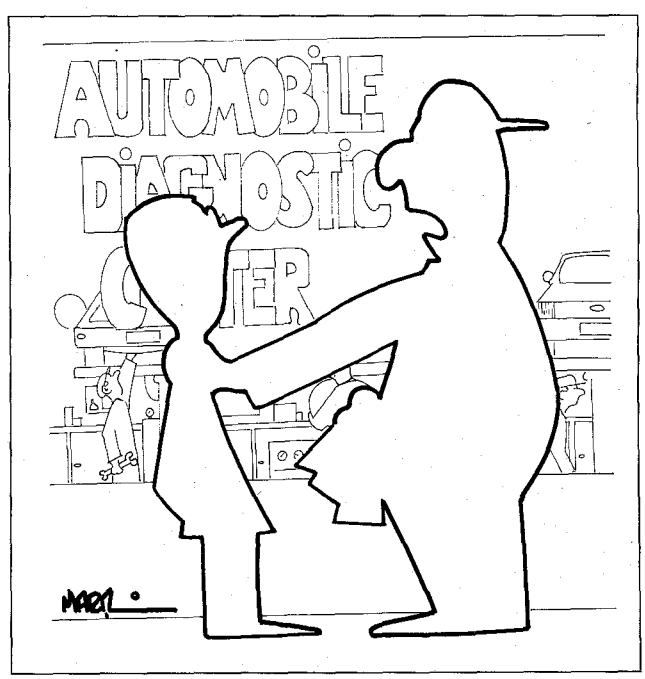


Glorobots

Though memory thereof was still green,
Electrical things were not seen,
As power was dropped,
And everything stopped
But the big bureaucratic machine.

GLORIA MAXSON



"The test results are in . . . I'm afraid it's time to put your car's personal affairs in order."

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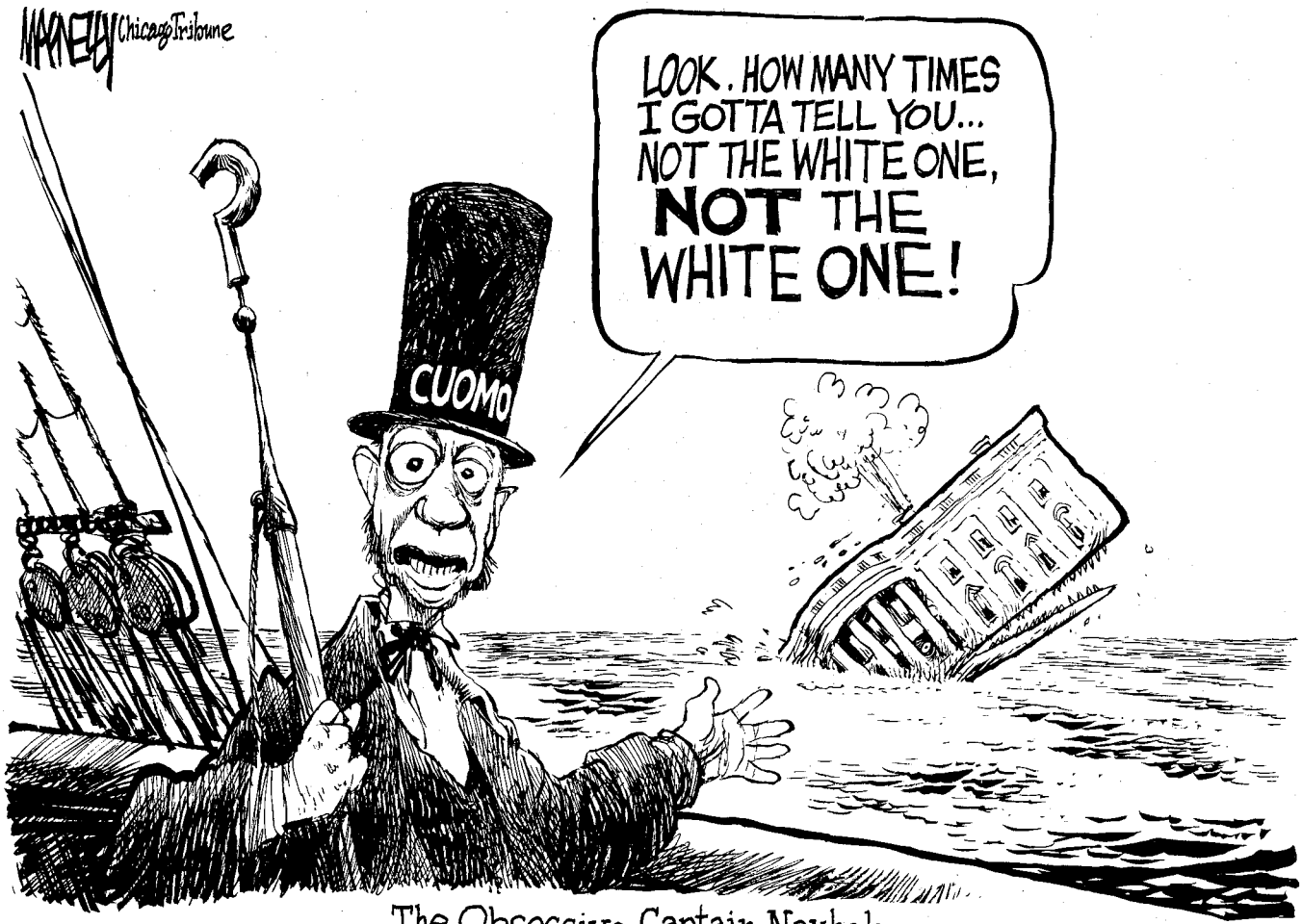
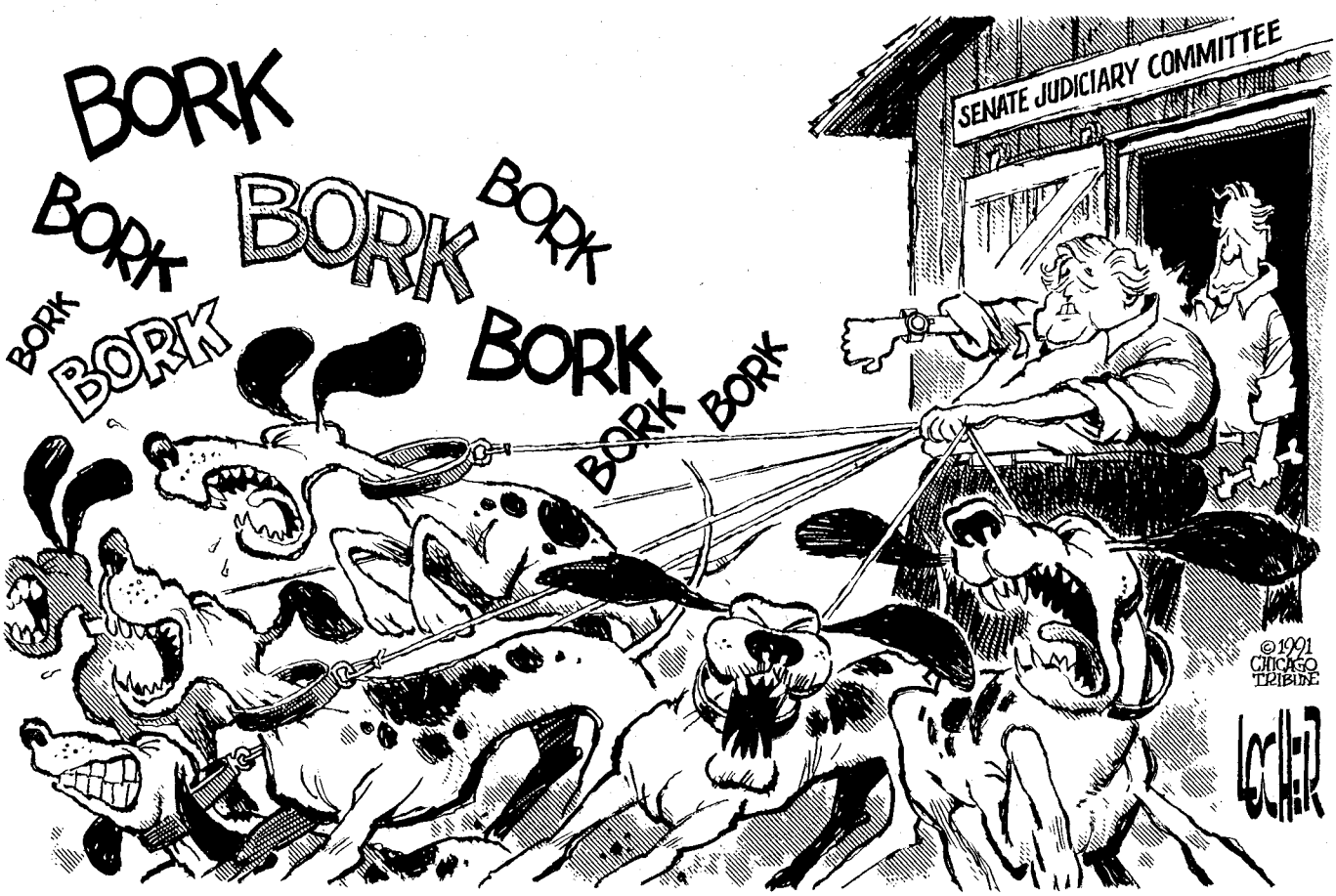


The Obsessive Captain Nayhab.



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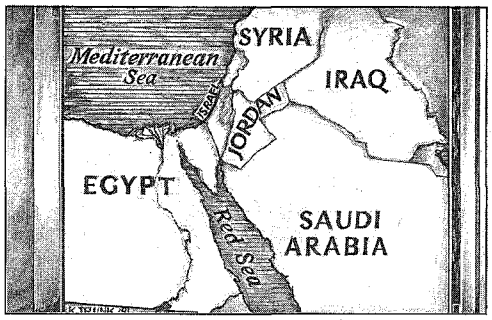
CAN AMERICA BRING PEACE?

President Bush and Secretary Baker have in hand an unprecedented agreement on face-to-face negotiations between Arabs and Israelis. The strength of America's position in the Middle East is the product of many factors —of the President's courage in the Gulf War and of the collapse of Soviet power, which in turn is the result of forty years of Western firmness (especially in the last decade). But as Henry Kissinger used to say of Mideast diplomacy, every achievement is only the entrance ticket to a new set of problems. In a constructive spirit, NR *has invited a variety of analysts of the Middle East—American, European, Arab, and Israeli— to illuminate for us the pitfalls and challenges ahead. Another installment will follow.*



J. B. Kelly

FIXATION is a term used in chemistry to describe the process by which a gas is combined with a solid. In psychology, it denotes a state of arrested mental development. The inveterate American fixation with settling, or trying to settle, the Arab–Israeli conflict endeavors to combine the gas of American good intentions with the implacability of Arab hatred for Israel or, conversely, the solidity of Israel's determination to survive. Psychologically, it demonstrates an American failure, even after so many years, to understand the Arab mind or to accept the fact that in the Middle East vendettas have a durability that outlasts time.

The conclusion of the Camp David accords would seem at first glance to invalidate this judgment. But the Camp David accords were not simply an acknowledgment by Egypt of Israel's legal existence in exchange for the recovery of the Sinai peninsula. They were also bought by American money, by a commitment, explicit or implicit, to sustain Egypt economically for years to come. Is the United States now proposing to extend the same financial inducements to Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia (the saints preserve us!), or some inchoate Palestinian polity in return for their formal recognition of the state of Israel? Or is territory to be the principal medium of exchange? Whatever the Bush Administration may have in mind, it would do well to remember that in dealing with the Syria of Hafez Assad it is not dealing with the Egypt of Anwar Sadat.

According to the Syrian Foreign Minister, Farouk al-Chareh, the United States has given an assurance that Israel will withdraw from all the territories occupied since 1967, including the Golan Heights. (It would be interesting to ascertain the reactions to such a prospect by the Druse and Alawite inhabitants of the Golan, who today profess themselves content with Israeli rule.) Whether al-Chareh's assertion is true or not—the Syrians are not exactly models of veracity—Hafez Assad has already been offered a substantial territorial bribe by Secretary of State James Baker in the shape of Lebanon, which in the past nine months has been reduced to a Syrian satrapy.

Baker traveled to Damascus in September 1990 to solicit the Syrian dictator's support for the coalition then being assembled against Saddam Hussein. That the solicitation was unnecessary, in view of the enmity which existed between the two dictators, or that Syria's contribution to the coalition would prove worthless, as events subsequently confirmed, never seemed to occur to the Secretary of State. What passed at the meeting in Damascus is not known in any substantial detail. What is known is that a month afterward Hafez Assad's army crushed the last remaining Lebanese resistance to Syrian domination by destroying the Christian forces of General Michel Aoun.

Nor did Assad stop at purely military measures to suppress any opposition to his annexation of Lebanon. On Sunday, October 21, 1990, gunmen under Syrian orders slaughtered in cold blood Dany Chamoun, the son of a former Lebanese president, along with his wife and his two young children. The motive for the killing was to remove from the political scene any prominent personality who might possibly serve as a focus for Lebanese resistance to the *Anschluss* with Syria. Thus, in February 1977 Assad had the Druse leader Kamal Jumblat murdered, and in September 1982 the Syrians contrived the assassination of Bashir Gemayel, the newly elected president of Lebanon. (A few days after the defeat of General Aoun's forces last October the assassin of Bashir Gemayel was released from prison.)

Such then is the man whom James Baker is making

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the pivotal figure in his grand design to resolve the Arab–Israeli dispute, just as Saddam Hussein had been made the favored protagonist in the State Department's strategy to contain Iran—i.e., until he disobligingly threw the agreed script out of the window in August 1990. Does the Secretary of State fully comprehend the implications of what he is doing or the nature of the milieu in which he is operating? Does he know anything

In the past two weeks Baker has been to Riyadh, Cairo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Kuala Lumpur, Ulan Bator, and Moscow. This is diplomacy as show-biz.

of measurable worth about the long and tangled history of the concept of "Greater Syria," the more recent roots of which derive from the time of the Ottoman empire, and the more distant from that of the Umayyad caliphate? It would be charitable to assume that he does not, indeed that he could not, since it is beyond the wit and capacity of any man to expend as much time and energy as he does in long-distance travel, and at the same time acquaint himself thoroughly with the exotic complexities of Middle Eastern politics.

In the past two weeks alone Baker has been to Riyadh, Cairo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Kuala Lumpur, Ulan Bator, and Moscow. This is diplomacy as show-biz. There was a time when secretaries of state stayed at home, read their departmental dispatches, telegrams, and memoranda, received foreign ambassadors, and generally learned as much as they could about the countries, governments, and peoples with which they were dealing. It was the same with the foreign ministers of most Western countries, as well as those of many Oriental princedoms. The greatest of Britain's foreign secretaries, Lord Palmerston, never bothered to leave England, yet his grasp of foreign policy, as his official and private papers amply attest, was profound. Of all his remarkable achievements over a period of 35 years, the one of which he was most proud was the suppression of the Arab slave trade—which was not brought about by truckling to unsavory despots. What, one wonders, will be James Baker's legacy to the Middle East? The extinction of Lebanon's independence and the imperilment of Israel's? □

Antony T. Sullivan

DESPITE the acceptance of the American peace plan by important Arab states and Israel, Arab–Israeli relations in their essentials are not radically different today from what they were before the Gulf War. The first requirement for Arab–Israeli peace and for greater regional stability is progress toward a resolution of the Israeli–Palestinian conflict.

The Gulf War achieved some short-term benefits. Today, there is no rising Arab military power able to present a credible challenge to Israel. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain, and the United Arab Emirates are allied more closely with the United States then before, and can be expected (along with Egypt and now Syria) to be more amenable to American suasion. Radicalism—in both its Islamic fundamentalist and its Arab nationalist incarnations—has been dealt a blow by the Iraqi military collapse. The PLO has become more flexible, as indicated by its designation of Palestinian moderates from the West Bank and Gaza Strip to negotiate on its behalf with Secretary Baker.

However, these are likely to prove only transitory improvements. They will disappear as rapidly as a desert mirage unless progress is made toward an Israeli–Palestinian settlement. The Gulf War removed none of the underlying causes of Arab radicalism; some it exacerbated. Huge differentials in wealth, underdevelopment, demographic pressures, and a growing shortage of water should be of concern to Israel as well as to the Arabs. Any attempt to address such systemic problems seriously will fail unless the Israeli–Palestinian conflict is perceived to be moving toward a solution.

The compromises necessary for such a solution will be painful for all concerned. A focus on modalities will achieve little. What must be confronted is substance. The key questions remain the following:

1. Is Israel prepared to cede control of the West Bank, Gaza Strip, Golan Heights, and south Lebanon in return for normalization of relations with the Arab states?

2. Are the Arab states in fact now prepared to negotiate directly with Israel and to grant Israel such normalization?

3. In this age of global democracy, are Palestinians to be accorded the right to political self-determination?

4. Are Arabs to be extended a share of political authority in a united Jerusalem?

As long as any party answers any of these question with a categorical negative, one can expect little progress toward better times.

Yasir Arafat's decision to support Iraq (over the warnings of some of his closest advisors) has probably compromised Palestinian aspirations more than any recent combination of Israeli and Arab actions. But the PLO remains an unavoidable interlocutor (however "packaged") for anyone serious about Israeli–Palestinian peace. It is no secret that Israel has always refused to deal with the PLO *not* because it is a "terrorist" organization but because Israel considers the PLO's demand for a two-state settlement to be unacceptable.

Despite the mountainous obstacles, the achievements of the Gulf War, bolstered by recent American diplo-

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macy, may now offer the best opportunity in decades for a breakthrough toward Middle East peace. The parties are unlikely—even if willing—to move forward by themselves. If real momentum toward peace is to develop, energetic American participation in the peace process must continue.

Such participation should build on established American policy concerning the Arab–Israeli conflict. Exchanging land for peace, termination of the Arab boycott (as now offered by Egypt, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia), a halt to Israeli settlements, and the determination of the future of Jerusalem only through negotiations—these need to be formally stated with greater precision by President Bush. Moreover, now may well be the time for him to express some broader vision of what the Middle East's future might be, beyond an Israeli–Palestinian peace. Of what elements might a new Middle East consist, and what might the United States be prepared to do to strengthen those elements and bring them together?

For those Arabs and Israelis struggling for a peaceful Middle East—and they are legion—provision of hope is vital. Perhaps uniquely, the United States is today in a position to offer such hope. What is required is the political will to do so. □

Dore Gold

SYRIA'S change of position in agreeing to direct talks with Israel has been correctly attributed more to the end of the cold war than to the effects of the Gulf War. But there has been no more frequently repeated observation since the end of Desert Storm than that Israel's territorial differences with its neighbors can now be more easily resolved, since, in the age of missile warfare ushered in by Saddam Hussein, Israel's requirements for "defensible borders" in the Golan Heights and in the West Bank should change.

Speaking before Congress on March 6, President Bush observed: "We've learned in the modern age, geography cannot guarantee security." Presumably the White House had in mind that the West Bank defense line was of no use in keeping Iraqi Scuds from Tel Aviv. NSC Chief Brent Scowcroft seconded Mr. Bush's observation a short time later on the Brinkley show.

Israelis see the missile/territory issue differently. The basic question is whether conventional warfare is still decisive in determining the ultimate security of nations or whether new push-button missile exchanges are equally decisive. For if conventional war still matters, then the factors affecting its outcome, like topography and strategic depth, are still an integral part of a nation's defense.

In 1991, Israelis saw that what was still ultimately decisive in the confrontation with Iraq was the movement of conventional armies. Kuwait initially was vanquished with Iraqi tanks and infantry and not with ballistic missiles. When missiles were used, they brought personal tragedy for those who lost homes in Tel Aviv. But Iraqi missiles did not determine the war's outcome. The missiles scratched Israel but by no means brought it to its knees.

For his part, Saddam Hussein gave no indication that he would accept unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait after American air bombardment and missile attacks. It took defeat on the ground to force him to accept the full terms of the UN resolutions. Missile warfare has been added to conventional warfare, but has by no means replaced it. For Israel, the main threat against which it must be prepared is not missiles but massive conventional armies.

What about the future? The two basic trends in missile technology that Israel will have to prepare for are increasing *accuracy* and *lethality*. Neither will reduce the significance of territory. They might even increase it.

Israel's basic concern with adequate defensive territorial positions has generally emanated from the fact that it has a small standing army, requiring massive reserve reinforcement to reach its full strength, which, according to foreign sources, is 12 divisions; the surrounding Arab states have large standing formations with only a minor role for reserves. The period of Israel's highest vulnerability is when the standing army must hold off a numerically superior attack and the reserve call-up is only under way.

At that time, topographically advantageous defensive lines are critical for Israel's small standing ground forces. The only other immediate assistance the standing army might obtain would come from the Israeli air force, which can play a role in holding off a major ground assault.

When missiles become accurate, they become employable against military targets. Should Israeli airfields come under attack by such missiles in the future, then the assistance the air force could initially give the ground forces would decline significantly. Reasonable defensive lines on the ground would then be absolutely vital. Even less accurate missiles, when combined with a ground assault, could delay the Israeli reserve call-up, and thereby affect the conventional balance.

Even if Middle Eastern missiles become more lethal by carrying non-conventional warheads, it is still not clear that they would simply replace tanks and infantry as the decisive elements of war. In the European theater both NATO and the Warsaw Pact introduced tactical nuclear missiles that generally canceled each other out. Thus even the introduction of nuclear-tipped missiles in the future Middle East military balance will not end the importance of the conventional battlefield in determining the security of countries.

The peace process will place Israel in a difficult dilemma. The relinquishing of strategic assets may modify Syrian hostile intentions toward Israel: but, for the

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reasons given above, it will increase Israeli vulnerability and thus enhance Syrian offensive capabilities.

Given the rise of a *pax Americana* in the Middle East and the battering of Iraq, such concerns may seem outdated. But a responsible Israeli government will be negotiating borders for the long-term defense of Israel, not with a five-year time horizon in mind.

Iraq, much of whose armament it turns out was not destroyed, will be able to generate the resources for full re-armament. Syria's current posture is a function not of an altered view of Israel as much as of a tactical need for a new connection with Washington. And by the late 1990s a new American isolationism could emerge as a future Administration becomes absorbed with worsening domestic difficulties.

True, Israel gave up territorial assets in Sinai, as General Scowcroft stated, and is not less secure as a result. But each of Israel's fronts is unique. Peace with Egypt gave Israel 120 miles of de-militarization and warning time along Israel's arid southern desert. Only 34 miles are involved in the West Bank, and even less on the Golan Heights. Topography is more important than distance in these two cases. The West Bank is contiguous with the coastal plain where 60 per cent of Israel's population is situated and over 80 per cent of its industrial capacity. The Golan, besides its military importance, contains the water sources of the Jordan River, which the Syrians actually attempted to divert in the early 1960s.

Discussing Peace in the Mideast.

Before anyone can talk about real peace in the Middle East—which might take decades to evolve along with democratic institutions—it is far more urgent to address the problem of Middle Eastern security. But the Bush Administration's strategic analysis of the importance of territory in the missile age indicates that it is not likely to be sensitive to security concerns that might arise as a result of any Israeli concessions. Moreover, the Administration's perspective will cause concerns among a broad segment of Israeli public opinion. For it not only undercuts the current Israeli government's claim to the remaining territories won in the 1967 war; it also undercuts Labor's position on territorial compromise—after all, if added territory has no value, who needs 700 square miles of the 2,100-square-mile West Bank for defensible borders?

Implementing a narrow interpretation of Resolution 242 that pushes Israel back to the 1967 borders will be ultimately self-defeating if instead of leading to peace, it only destabilizes delicate deterrence relationships and results in yet another round of war. □

Shaw J. Dallal

IF THE negotiations are to succeed and any settlement is to be reached, it must address the condition of all Palestinians, those who live in the Occupied Territories, those who left their homes and lands in the 1947–48 fighting, and those who live within the Green Line in Israel as Israeli citizens.

To begin with, any peace which is not based on a total withdrawal of *all* Israeli forces and the removal of *all* Jewish settlers from *all* the Occupied Territories—the Golan Heights, the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip—is unlikely to bring enduring stability to the region. Any comprehensive peace must also address the plight of the Palestinian refugees who still live in the refugee camps in the Occupied Territories, as well as in refugee camps in Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria. United Nations General Assembly Resolution 194 of December 11, 1948, calls upon Israel to permit these refugees to return to their homes and lands if they are willing to live in peace, or to be compensated for their losses if they choose not to return.

The civil liberties and human rights of Israel's eight hundred thousand Palestinians should be clearly established as equivalent to those of Israel's Jews. At the present time, Israeli Jews enjoy freedom of movement. The movement of Israeli Palestinians is strictly limited. The Law of Return of 1950 abolished all restrictions on Jewish immigration, and the citizenship law of 1952 granted every Jew the right to citizenship upon arrival in Israel. By contrast, Israel refuses to permit Palestinian refugees to rejoin their brethren in Israel. Israeli Palestinians are proportionally underrepresented in the Knesset. There is no budget parity between Israeli Palestinian and Israeli Jewish municipalities. Greater resources per student go into the Jew-

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ish educational system. Title to 93 per cent of Israel's land is claimed by the state or by quasi-governmental organizations "in trust" only "for the Jewish people," thus denying Israeli Palestinians the right to use it.

Thus a comprehensive peace must deal honestly with Israel's legalized racial discrimination, which allows certain rights and privileges to Jews (defined as those born to Jewish mothers or those who convert to Judaism) that are denied to Palestinians. Actively seeking Jewish immigration to Israel, as in the ongoing massive influx of Soviet Jews, is part and parcel of this policy of perpetuating the minority status of Palestinians and the racial discrimination against them.

Finally, a comprehensive peace should render Jerusalem an international city under the United Nations, its status guaranteed by the five permanent members of the Security Council. International status would give the world's twenty million Jews, its 1.5 billion Christians, and its one billion Moslems equal access to the Holy City's sacred shrines.

If Israel, the Palestinians, and other Arabs are able to conclude such a comprehensive peace, then the establishment of a Palestinian state could follow. Both Israel and the Palestinian state could then become part of a common strategic and economic regional system, embodying as many countries of the Middle East as wish to join. We would then be approaching a Middle East equivalent of the European Community. □

Peter W. Rodman

HAVING achieved the breakthrough of face-to-face talks, the United States will immediately confront the challenge of shaping their content into a form realistically capable of success. If the Israeli–Syrian and Israeli–Palestinian–Jordanian negotiations blow up two weeks after they begin, the whole enterprise will be severely set back. The periodically reconvening multilateral conference—and even agitation for reconvening it—would then become a permanent instrument of Arab–Soviet–European pressure on the United States. So the Administration needs a strategy—and so does Israel.

The two issues—the Palestinian problem and the Golan Heights—are at two different stages of evolution. The long-standing impasse on Palestinian representation is close to a breakthrough—with the discrediting of the PLO, the eager re-entry of the pro-Western King Hussein, and the growing realism and assertiveness of the residents of the territories. The Syrian–Israeli relationship, on the other hand, is about where the Egyptian–Israeli relationship was under Nasser after 1967—that is, nowhere near real reconciliation.

The synergy of the two negotiations will be tricky. For one thing, the Israeli political structure—even under a more moderate government—may find it impossible to make major concessions on two fronts at once. We may have to consider sequencing, even if this offends Syria, which insists on "comprehensiveness." The final results of the peace process must be comprehensive, in the sense of covering all the issues; the procedure probably cannot be, at any given time.

The reason the Syrians have always sought "comprehensiveness," as embodied in an international conference, is that they want to prevent another Sadat. The dirty little secret is that Assad will seek to block progress on the Palestinian front unless there's something in it for Syria—either something on the Golan (which may be impossible to get right now) or else major influence on Palestinian diplomacy (which is against our interest). One of the risks of our multilateral diplomacy so far is that it has put Syria in a pivotal position, which could turn into a blocking position. We have made Assad the godfather of the Arab cause. Syria's power to make trouble is inherently there, but our strategy should be to reduce it, not enhance it.

The Israelis will not be able to avoid some flexibility on at least one of these issues soon. With the Arabs now willing to deal after all these years, Israelis are confronted with the need to think hard about their real terms for peace. On the Palestinian front, their good faith in offering autonomy and elections will be put to the test, as the Palestinians are close to accepting the Israeli framework for negotiation. Needless to say, even this will be politically explosive in Israel. While Syria's move toward negotiations has intrigued even Likud officials, the depth of mistrust makes a giant leap toward vacating the Golan Heights implausible. I have always thought that Israel should offer to discuss another disengagement—another incremental pullback on the Golan, as an interim step—without prejudice as to what may or may not be done in a later stage. Such a negotiation would give Syria a stake in the process and minimize its ability to make mischief on other issues. It would test whether the Syrian–Israeli relationship can evolve into something better, without unreasonable risks to Israel's security.

Both these issues, the Palestinian and the Syrian, need considerably more pre-cooking if this peace process is to avoid an early collapse. If the Israelis give the Administration something to work with, the United States will be better able to retain the diplomatic initiative, fend off the Soviets and Europeans, and shield Israel from the excessive pressures that will build up when the inevitable deadlocks start to occur.

Israel cannot stand still. Events are pulling it toward its destiny. The good news is that the present circumstances are the direct result of a wholesale transformation of global and regional conditions in favor of the United States and the West. Whether the destiny toward which Israel is being drawn is a calamity or a blessing is still an open question. But the outcome is in the hands of its leaders—and ours—if they develop now the relationship of trust and common endeavor that they had been so sadly unable to forge before. □

Mr. Rodman, now an NR *senior editor, was an official in the Reagan and Bush Administrations.*

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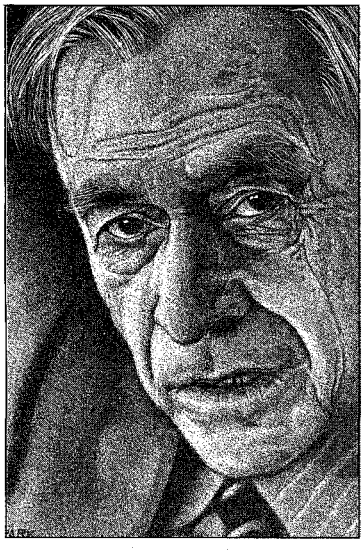

WHO'S ON NEXT?

John Kenneth Galbraith is still on the job, after forty years as America's most urbane socialist. A survey of his putative successors makes him look increasingly irreplaceable.

ALAN REYNOLDS

FORTY YEARS have rushed by since John Kenneth Galbraith wrote the first of his two dozen books. For many of those years, Galbraith dominated the market for popularized economics, when he wasn't serving as Ambassador to India, or writing speeches for Adlai Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson, and all three Kennedys.

His message appears to have solidified early. Galbraith claimed the U.S. economy was dominated by a handful of giant firms that could raise prices at will, such as (believe it or not) U.S. Steel, Burroughs, Chrysler, and Zenith. Thanks to advertising, producers can persuade us to buy anything at any price. Galbraith always thought it foolish to apply antitrust to these powerful "oligopolies" (which it is, because they aren't oligopolies), so we supposedly need the countervailing power of a big government, armed with wage and price controls and other regulations.

If this quaint vision ever bore any relationship to reality, it certainly does not today. The modern economy is vigorously competitive, worldwide. But an accurate picture of the economy was never the point of Galbraith or his successors. The objective was instead to spin arguments in support of big government, which is regarded as inherently delightful.

Galbraith never objected to being called a socialist, as he is in Europe, since he believes "a certain number of industries should be publicly owned." In the United States, though, the press labeled him a "liberal." Indeed, even now, he is more or less a definition of the term "liberal" on economic issues. The current fad of moaning about inadequate government "infrastructure" (highways are good, cars are bad) is entirely Galbraithian.

The identification of Galbraith with liberal orthodoxy is ironic, since the conformist impulses of liberals were the prime target of his famous attack on "conventional wisdom": "The liberal brings moral fervor and passion, even a sense of righteousness, to the ideas with which he is most familiar. . . . No one has seriously accused the Democratic Party of having a new or dangerous thought for 15 years."

Galbraith nonetheless had to learn to adapt his patrician views to those his liberal friends would find comfortably familiar. The first edition of *The Affluent Society* described poverty as an "afterthought" due to such things as "inability to adapt to the discipline of modern life, excessive procreation, [and] alcohol." There's no point just giving the poor more money, because "to spend income requires a minimum of character and intelligence even as to produce it." There is a large measure of common sense in those comments, most of which were purged from the second edition.

Filling Galbraith's Shoes

GALBRAITH is still a force to be reckoned with. His 1987 book, *Economics in Perspective*, is arguably his most mature, scholarly work. Galbraith's sarcastic wit still shines: "There are a significant number of learned men and women who hold that any successful effort to make ideas lively, intelligible, and interesting is a manifestation of deficient scholarship. This is the fortress behind which the minimally coherent regularly find refuge."

After forty years, though, Galbraith is surely willing to let some younger protégé take over the increasingly thankless task of popularizing leftist polemics. But who could possibly fill these giant shoes? Robert Lekachman was probably the only other true member of the Galbraithian school, and he is no longer with us. E. J. Dionne of the *Washington Post* recently identified two candidates—Robert Reich of MIT and Robert Kuttner of *The New Republic*. "Wanniski, Gilder, and their allies were there when the country was looking for new ideas," says Dionne. Reich and Kuttner apparently hope the country is now looking for old ideas. They have repackaged Galbraith, without the wit, and added some pandering to special interests in the form of subsidies to corporations that finance Democratic politicians, and, in Kuttner's case, protectionism.

Galbraith's own choices for a successor, revealed in *Economics in Perspective* as well as publicity blurbs on the putative successors' books, lean much further left. He writes coolly of the "more orthodox but able, diligent, and

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prolific Lester Thurow." Fainter praise goes to Bob Kuttner, for "good clear writing" in "economic journalism." To my knowledge, Galbraith has never had a kind word for Robert Reich. His taste turns toward an obscure group of radical economists who cling desperately to the shredded remnants of Marxism.

Galbraith appears particularly fond of Samuel Bowles (son of the late Ambassador Chester Bowles), who recently edited a collection of essays in his honor. An earlier book, *Beyond the Waste Land*, which Bowles wrote in 1984 with David Gordon and Thomas Weisskopf, carries high praise from Galbraith, who calls them "the three most interesting economists of the Left." Bowles and company propose that, "Whenever the actual unemployment rate exceeded 2 per cent in a local area, the Federal Government should make funds available to local governments to finance guaranteed public employment for anyone who needs and is able to work." Each of these jobs is to pay either "prevailing union wages" or enough to support a family of three (presumably even single people get enough for three). Where would the government get the money to meet this huge payroll? From taxing, borrowing, or printing money. But any of those options destroys at least as many private jobs as the make-work schemes "create."

Another such "radical," though more devious about it, is the personable and entertaining Barry Bluestone, son of a UAW union boss. Bluestone and Bennet Harrison wrote *The Deindustrialization of America* during the Reagan boom, when U.S. manufacturing output was rising by 48 per cent. They later got federal money from the Joint Economic Committee to fabricate some numbers claiming the U.S. was switching from high-paid manufacturing jobs to low-paid service jobs—a fallacy borrowed from Lester Thurow. To complain about slow growth of manufacturing employment is like complaining because a declining number of farmers produce vastly more food. Manufacturing productivity rose by nearly 4 per cent a year in the 1980s precisely because new technology allowed us to raise output faster than manufacturing employment. Real output per worker, and thus real income per worker, depends entirely on this sort of progress. Being consistently wrong is no handicap in this race, of course. But Bluestone's blue-collar theme is too tiresome and unimaginative, and he is neither sufficiently skilled as a writer nor prolific enough to aspire to the Galbraith mantle.

Much nearer the center is James K. Galbraith, Ken's son. *Balancing Acts*, his 1989 book, is an odd mix of archaic and fresh ideas. Like Keynes, the younger Galbraith is amazingly open about wanting to combine monetary inflation with wage controls in order to boost profit margins: "An incomes policy to help keep manufacturing real wages competitive [i.e., low] in the face of rising living costs . . . will return as a political possibility now that the Reagan years have left." I'll never understand why organized labor doesn't notice that using inflation and controls to reduce real wages has always been a key component of the liberals' economic agenda. Unfortunately, Jamie Galbraith suffers the serious liability of being a modestly competent economist. He doesn't stand a chance in this competition.

Crackpots fare better, as indicated by the favorable reception initially given (by Lester Thurow, among others) to perhaps the strangest and most incompetent book ever written in economics, *The Great Depression of 1990* by Ravi Batra. In the wake of the 1987 stock-market crash, joyous liberals rushed to buy seemingly more sophisticated doomsday books, such as *The Day of Reckoning* by Benjamin Friedman of Harvard. Like the other Calvinist lecturers about the evils of debt, Ben Friedman somehow neglected to notice that assets had grown much faster than debts in the 1980s, leaving household and corporate net worth way up. By my calculation, real private net worth rose by a little over $1 trillion (measured in 1982 dollars) from 1980 to 1991, or 32 per cent. Having repeatedly cried "Wolf!" when there was only a chihuahua at the door, Ben Friedman no longer looks like a serious contender.

A more successful purveyor of the notion that we need a bigger government to fix some carefully undefined "mess" that Reagan left is Kevin Phillips—who has acquired the distinction of a new first name, "Even." For example, "Even Kevin Phillips" believes we need to tax the stuffing out of industrious families, donate the loot to influential lobbies, and threaten those sinister foreigners who keep selling us things at low prices. Like so many political writers who dabble in economics, Phillips is dreadful with numbers. In *Staying on Top*, for example, he graphs cumulative gains in manufacturing productivity from 1960 to 1981. From 1981 (where Phillips stops) to 1989, manufacturing productivity rose by 5.2 per cent per year in the U.S., twice as fast as Germany's 2.6 per cent, and not far behind Japan's 6.7 per cent. But it doesn't matter a bit that his logic and evidence are faulty. He promotes aggressive use of the Federal Government to dole out favors—using steep taxes to punish success, and protectionism and industrial subsidies to reward failure—which ought to make him a top contender to replace Galbraith. The trouble is that Phillips insists on calling this conservative Republicanism.

Anointed Successors

BY DEFAULT, then, we come back to the two writers anointed by the *Washington Post*, plus another one the *Post* inexplicably neglected—Lester Thurow. Of the three, only Thurow had any formal training as an economist; Reich is a lawyer, and Kuttner a journalist. That doesn't matter much, since some of the freshest theoretical insights in economics in recent decades have come from those schooled in different subjects, such as Gordon Tullock, Ronald Coase, Henry Manne, Jude Wanniski, and George Gilder. Lack of specialized training only becomes troublesome when statistics are used. Kuttner usually avoids this trap in the same way that Galbraith often did—he simply asserts that something is "obviously" true, or that all the "experts" agree with him.

Reich, unlike Kuttner, is anxious to seem right (correct) while remaining left (incorrect). He therefore gathers numbers indiscriminately from news clippings and far-left fringe groups, employing the research standards of Kitty Kelley, and juggles them around in truly appalling ways. For example, he calculates that if we had simply continued to let bracket creep push every working couple into the 50 per cent tax bracket, the government would now have a lot more money (which is the liberals' real definition of

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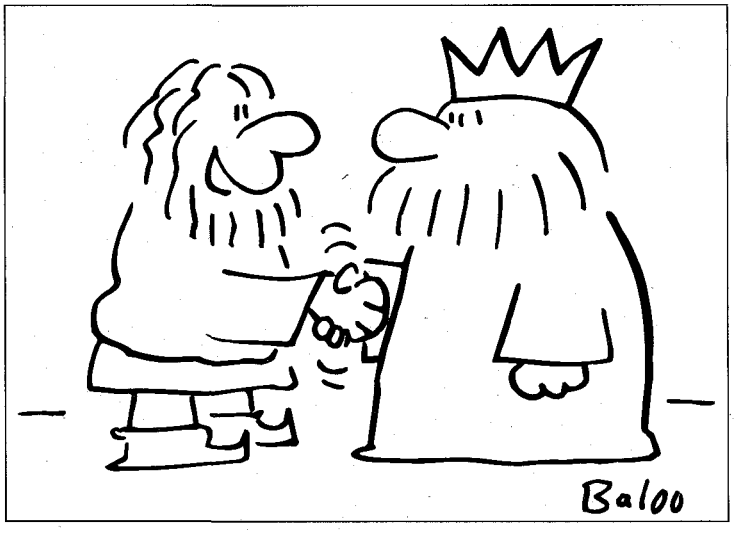
economic success). In fact, if the U.S. had adopted Reich's tax policies we would have had the same result as Canada had from its surtax on "the rich": enterprising Canadians took their capital and skills elsewhere, and an unemployment rate above 10 per cent drove tax revenues down and spending up. Reich claims that "tax burdens overall have not increased since the mid 1960s." He creates that non-fact by using the brief surtax of 1969 as his "mid 1960s" and ignoring state and local taxes. He also says, "The [tax] burden has been shifted from wealthier Americans to relatively poorer Americans." That statement confuses high marginal rates (which nobody with a decent accountant ever paid) with average taxes, which have, in fact, shifted from poorer to wealthier Americans. The poor saw huge increases in personal exemptions and the earned-income tax credit in the 1980s, while the share of taxes paid by the most affluent 5 per cent of taxpayers soared. Unfortunately, Reich's numbers are cited by journalists, such as Tom Wicker, as though they bore some relationship to actual facts.

Ahead of the Pack

WHAT distinguishes Reich from the rest of the liberal pack is that he can come up with entertaining and sometimes even useful ways of looking at world events. By comparison, Kuttner's rhetoric sounds like something out of the Thirties—fretting over "ruinous competition," "unproductive speculators," and "dangerously unstable" market economies. At bottom, Kuttner is a spokesman for special interests lobbying for import quotas or subsidies. His hero, aside from Keynes, is Friedrich List, who made a case in 1837 for protecting infant industries. But in *Economics in Perspective*, Galbraith suggests that List would be appalled by Kuttner's ideas: "The former infant-industries exception [to free trade] has become the aged-and-senile-industries exception. In tactful modern terminology, it is called not protection but an industrial policy." Kuttner is disqualified because unlike Galbraith he "never deviates into sense."

McGovernite Obsessions

LESTER THUROW, affectionately known as "Less Thorough" on the MIT campus, always had Galbraith's problem of not being taken seriously by the economics profession. He found his niche in making an obsession out of the share of income received by the poorest and richest fifths of the population. Income equality is such an obsession with Thurow that he has often complained that the problem with women advancing in management and professions is that they are likely to marry successful men, and thus "worsen" the distribution of income. Why women's lib types are friendly with liberal economists who want to keep them in the kitchen is as mysterious as why the labor unions get in bed with those who are eager to control wages.



"I just wanted to let you know that all of us peasants think you're one hell of a nice king!"

Thurow has long been an open apologist for high inflation. In a *New York Times* piece in October 1979, Thurow predicted that "energy prices must be expected to double . . . every three or four years." Moreover, he argued, only "30 per cent unemployment will stop inflation," and "a promise to stop inflation is a promise to cut substantially the money incomes of most Americans." Apparently they don't teach the difference between money incomes and real incomes at MIT.

Thurow writes clearly, albeit in a tutorial style, but his main misfortune is one he shares with nearly all the aspiring Galbraiths. Namely, that his message is unreasonably negative, full of make-believe crises and empty of plausible solutions. The very titles of his books shout hopelessness and despair: *The Zero-Sum Society*, *Dangerous Currents*. Thurow's static Keynesian accounting depicts a world in which nobody gains without somebody else losing, though the new classical economics of growth shows how reducing inefficiencies, impediments, and lobbying expenses can, in fact, benefit everyone.

"Real supply-side economics," he wrote in 1981, "would require Americans to endure a five- to ten-year period during which consumption and the standard of living must fall to make room for more investment." But, in late 1977, with Democrats in power, Thurow had a quite different agenda. He argued that "the economy needs a large tax cut to help consumption." Urging Republican Presidents to impose hair-shirt economics has become a common, though transparent, device for regaining power. Apparently some Republicans still fall for it.

Robert Reich, on the other hand, has a relatively upbeat theme and repackages the old agenda in fancy new garb. That is, nationalized health care, schooling, and even food stamps become "investments" in the labor force. Any federal spending that cannot fit into that category is to be called an investment in "infrastructure." An even bigger, more parasitic bureaucracy thus becomes, through Reich's alchemy, a powerful instrument for economic progress.

To his credit, Reich has reversed his past support for industrial piracy—protectionist policies that would favor sleepy old U.S. corporations. His change of heart is a sign of intellectual growth, but it faces the same problem at liberal cocktail parties that forced Galbraith to recant on poverty. Welcoming free trade and foreign investment is just not politically correct. The notion that consumers need to be protected from low prices has somehow become a mark of sophistication, so

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Reich's timid, two-page defense of free trade smacks of heresy.

To maintain his credentials as a neo-leftist intellectual, Reich thus feels compelled to be even more demagogic than Thurow on the Robin Hood issue. After correctly noting that skilled and talented people are more important than ever before, and more willing and able to move around between countries, he comes out for high tax rates on the skilled and talented. Obviously, if his recommendations were accepted, the nation would suffer a massive brain drain of existing talent, and the prospect of higher tax rates on the returns from schooling would discourage younger people from acquiring the skills that Reich rightly insists they will need to prosper.

If forced to guess who is closest to becoming the next Galbraith, I'd say Robert Reich, Heaven help us. For all the value the Left always placed on collective groups, it turns out that remarkably talented individuals like Galbraith may nonetheless be irreplaceable. □

CITIES UNDER SIEGE

WHO GOES HOMELESS?

We can't begin to solve the problem of homelessness until we realize that it isn't about homes.

E. FULLER TORREY, MD

SHOULD the homeless be included in the statement, "Ye have the poor always with you"? Given the array of individuals who have become permanent fixtures on the streets of every American city in the last decade, the answer would appear to be yes. In fact, however, homelessness has evolved from being a homogeneous, sphinx-like problem to being a heterogeneous cluster of interrelated problems for which many of the solutions are known. The mystery no longer is what to do, but rather why we do not do it.

One change in homelessness has been the perceived magnitude of the problem. Until 1987 some advocates were claiming that more than two million Americans were homeless. A 1987 study by the Urban Institute initially estimated the number to be between 567,000 and 600,000; the primary author later revised this downward to between 355,000 and 445,000. Peter H. Rossi, in his 1989 book, *Down and Out in America*, concluded that "the most believable national estimate is that at least 300,000 people are homeless each night in this country, and possibly as many as 400,000 to 500,000." In 1990, Census takers claimed to have found 228,621 homeless on the night of March 20, including 49,793 persons "visible at preidentified street locations." If it is assumed that only one-third of those actually living on the streets were counted by the Census, the total number of homeless persons would be 328,207, a number consistent with the estimates by both the Urban Institute and Rossi.

Changing Climates

ANOTHER change is a decrease in the public's tolerance for the homeless. In New York City, labeled by one newspaper as "Calcutta on the Hudson," police evicted the homeless from Penn Station and razed their temporary shelters in Tompkins Square Park. In Washington, D.C., a right-to-shelter law was rescinded in a 1990 referendum, and local police began enforcing a city ordinance against begging. Atlanta's Mayor Maynard Jackson in 1991 asked the City Council to impose stiff penalties, including up to sixty days in jail, for aggressive begging or sleeping in vacant buildings.

Perhaps most surprising has been the decreased sympathy for the homeless in towns and cities traditionally thought of as bastions of liberalism. In Santa Monica, which serves free meals daily on the City Hall lawn, a 1990 poll showed voters favoring tougher law enforcement against the homeless. In Berkeley, police regularly make sweeps of People's Park, and across the Bay, San Franciscans overwhelmingly picked homelessness as the city's biggest problem—bigger than drugs, crime, or AIDS—in a newspaper poll. Indeed, according to *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Cyra McFadden, "You could get rich in this town right now by selling T-shirts reading, 'Eat the homeless.'" Decreasing public tolerance does not by itself produce any more solutions to the homelessness problem than did the earlier indulgences of public guilt, but it does tend to force harder thinking about solutions. Shelters and soup kitchens provide short-term respite from serious thinking about long-term solutions.

Probably the most significant shift in debates about the homeless has been a growing consensus that they are not a monolithic group, but rather composed of three distinct groups. Eliciting the most sympathy from the public are the down-on-my-luck individuals and families, especially children. Economic recession, shrinking availability of low-income housing, and marginal job skills have affected this group. Eliciting somewhat less sympathy are homeless individuals with serious mental illnesses, especially schizophrenia, because many people are frightened of them and do not realize that they have a brain disease that places them in the same category as people with Alzheimer's disease. It has been estimated that there are now twice as many schizophrenics living in public shelters and on the streets as there are in all state and county psychiatric hospitals. Eliciting by far the least public sympathy are the alcoholics and drug abusers. Many of them use public shelters and soup kitchens in order to save their money to feed their addiction, and they panhandle the most aggressively.

Dr. Torrey, a clinical and research psychiatrist in Washington, D.C., volunteers in a clinic for mentally ill homeless women and is author of Nowhere to Go: The Tragic Odyssey of the Homeless Mentally Ill *(Harper & Row, 1988).*

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It is widely agreed that approximately half of all the homeless have an alcohol and/or drug problem; some of these are also mentally ill and/or have marginal job skills. The mentally ill account for approximately one-third; this percentage is lower in cities with relatively good public psychiatric services (e.g., Salt Lake City) and higher in cities where such services are abysmal (e.g., Los Angeles, Houston, Miami). The pure down-on-my-luck group is relatively small (about 15 per cent) although very visible in stories about the homeless; advocates learned long ago that this group most effectively elicits support for their cause.

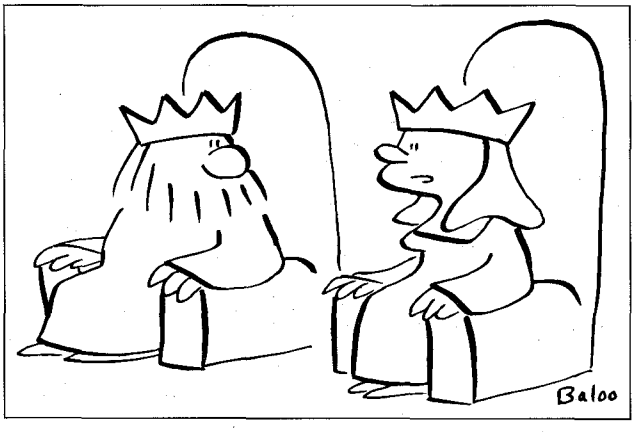
Separating the Strands

HENRY J. KAISER once wrote that "problems are only opportunities in work clothes." This is certainly true for homelessness, which is really three separate problems corresponding to these three groups.

The easiest of the three problems is what to do with the mentally ill. Their homelessness is a consequence of deinstitutionalization and the subsequent breakdown of public psychiatric services. A 1983 study of discharges from Metropolitan State Hospital in Boston, for example, found that 27 per cent of all discharged patients became at least intermittently homeless within six months of discharge. A similar study in 1986 of discharges from Columbus State Hospital in Ohio reported that 36 per cent were homeless within six months. Furthermore, the number of beds in state mental hospitals was reduced from 552,000 in 1955 to 108,000 in 1986. As was pointed out in *The 1990 Annual Report of the Interagency Council on the Homeless*, given the 41 per cent increase in the population of the United States since 1955, if there had been no deinstitutionalization there would be 800,000 state psychiatric beds today, nearly eight times the actual number.

The major reason for the failure of public psychiatric services has been a fiscal one. It is not, however, a question of *how much* is being spent, as is commonly supposed; the approximately $20 billion in public funds currently being spent each year is probably sufficient to buy first-class services if it were utilized properly. Rather, the problem is *how these services are funded*. Until the early 1960s, approximately 96 per cent of public psychiatric services were funded by the states, with the other 4 per cent split between federal and local sources. As deinstitutionalization got under way, the released patients were made eligible for federal Supplemental Security Income (SSI), Social Security Disability Income (SSDI), Medicaid, Medicare, food stamps, and other federal subsidies. By 1985 it was estimated that the states' share of the cost for the mentally ill had fallen to 53 per cent of the total, while the federal share had risen to 38 per cent (it is undoubtedly several percentage points higher by now).

The shift of the fiscal burden from the states to the Federal Government was not, by itself, a disaster. The problems arose out of how the various fiscal supports were related to each other. For example, the patients in Metropolitan State Hospital and Columbus State Hospital mentioned above were primarily the fiscal responsibilities of the states of Massachusetts and Ohio as long as they were in the hospitals. Once discharged, they became primarily the responsibility of the Federal Government. If such patients relapse and need rehospitalization, as most of them do, they typically are sent to the psychiatric ward of a general hospital, where Medicaid pays most of the bill. Elderly psychiatric patients were similarly transferred from state hospitals to nursing homes not because the care was necessarily better (often it was worse) but rather because such a transfer made them eligible for Medicare and Medicaid. Even with the states coming up with Medicaid matching funds, it was extremely cost-effective, from the point of view of state government, to shift the fiscal burden to the Federal Government.



"If you want to have a press conference, you'll have to let some journalists out of prison."

The fiscal organization of public psychiatric services in the United States is more thought-disordered than most of their patients. The incentives all lead to discharging psychiatric patients from state facilities as quickly as possible; there is no incentive to worry about where they go, whether they get aftercare, or whether they become homeless. Indeed, if you tried to set up a system for funding public psychiatric services in a way which would guarantee its failure, you would set up just such a system as we have created.

The solution is to meld federal and state funding streams into a single stream with responsibility placed at the state level, unless states wish to delegate to the county level (as do California, Minnesota, and Wisconsin). All incentives to shift the fiscal burden to the Federal Government must be removed. States would rapidly learn that it is cost-effective to provide good psychiatric aftercare, because the costs of repeated rehospitalizations are very high. Continuity of care between inpatient and outpatient programs would become the rule rather than the exception. Existing model programs for the homeless mentally ill such as Seattle's El Rey Residential Treatment Facility or the widely praised Weingart Center in Los Angeles, which combine treatment, housing, and rehabilitation, would spread quickly. State laws making it difficult to hospitalize obviously impaired individuals would be amended as it became apparent that good psychiatric care does not cost more in the long run than not-so-benign neglect. And the homeless mentally ill, including the emblematic bag ladies, would become a thing of the past.

Now for the Harder Ones

THE PROBLEM of the homeless mentally ill is easy to solve compared with the problems of the other groups. Alcoholics have al-

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ways made up a significant percentage of the homeless population, from the days of the early American almshouses to the hobos who rode the rails in the years before World War II. When one is addicted to alcohol or drugs the highest priority is to save as much money as possible to feed that addiction. Present homeless policies, which in some cities have guaranteed free beds and food for everyone who asks, have probably exacerbated rather than relieved the problem of homeless substance abusers.

Although there is no policy which can force a person to help himself, it stands to reason that public programs should not make alcohol and drug problems worse. All substance abusers who have any income should be required to pay a certain proportion of it for shelter and food and should also be required to attend regular meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous or Narcotics Anonymous. Rehabilitation programs including vocational training should be readily available, but abstinence should be a requirement for participation. For those who refuse to meet minimal requirements for such publicly funded programs, there is a network of private and church-run shelters (such as the Salvation Army's) which have provided exemplary care for alcoholics and drug abusers for many years.

Solutions to the down-on-my-luck homeless are both easy and difficult at the same time. Many of them are victims of reduced stocks of low-income housing. It does not take a PhD to realize that when single-room-occupancy (SRO) hotel units were reduced from 127,000 to 14,000, as happened in New York City between 1970 and 1983, or from 1,680 to 15, as happened in Nashville between 1970 and 1990, some people would be left with nowhere to live.

But housing is the easy half of solving the down-on-my-luck problem. Many of these people have a poor education and marginal job skills. As the workplace demands increasing technological skills for even entry-level positions, this group is likely to continue to grow. Solutions require the whole panoply of often discussed but rarely available services from remedial education to vocational training, job coaching, transitional employment, supported employment, and counseling. This is certainly the most difficult and most expensive segment of the homeless population to rehabilitate, but not rehabilitating them is also expensive.

As long as programs for the mentally ill, substance abusers, and consumers of low-income housing are part of the ongoing political tug-of-war between federal and state governments, solutions to the problems of the homeless will be elusive. The homeless are, in one sense, daily reminders of the lack of resolution of this issue.

In the area of public psychiatric and substance-abuse services, the Federal Government has a miserable record of achievement. Exhibit A is the federally funded Community Mental Health Centers program, which wasted over $3 billion setting up 769 centers, most of which never did what they were intended to do. It seems likely that service programs conceived by federal officials, who are too far removed from the real world, will almost inevitably fail.

What, then, should be the Federal Government's role? The setting of minimal standards and enforcement of such standards through fiscal incentives and disincentives is necessary, e.g., expecting states to reduce the mentally ill homeless to a specified level and reducing federal subsidies if they fail. The enforcement function should probably be vested in the Office of Inspector General in departments such as Health and Human Services (HHS) or Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Model programs such as those under the McKinney Act, the HHS–HUD collaborative program to improve housing and services for the homeless mentally ill, or Senator Pete Domenici's recently introduced "Projects to Aid the Transition from Homelessness" bill, should be encouraged. The problem is that from most states' point of view, such programs are not regarded merely as models, but rather as an ongoing federal commitment to replace the efforts of the states themselves.

The homeless, then, will be with us until we are able to resolve the issue of federal versus state responsibility for social programs. Hallucinating quietly next to vacant buildings, lying under bushes in the park, or aggressively accosting strangers on the street, the homeless represent not only a failure of social programs, but more broadly a failure of government at all levels. □

RELUCTANT AESTHETES

CAN WE SAVE CULTURE?

While conservatives were content to live their private lives, the Left has taken control of American culture.

SAMUEL LIPMAN

CULTURE shapes our lives and affects every action we take. The Left knows this simple fact; we seem not to know it, and as a result we are content to leave the Left in control of culture.

By "culture," I mean the realm of meaning and value—how we live and how we want to live. Culture is the mental component of life, and its capacity to influence the material, while not total, is enormous. This modern usage of "culture" includes education and entertainment, the high and the low, the serious and the popular, the private and the public. It is a usage far removed from the pure nineteenth-century conception of culture as aspiration and uplift, which I cherish, but culture, however defined, is still capable of being better or worse aesthetically, decent or sordid morally.

Mr. Lipman is the music critic for Commentary *and the publisher of* The New Criterion. *This article is based upon a lecture delivered at the Heritage Foundation in Washington, D.C., this June.*

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Let me begin with the recent controversy over the notorious National Endowment for the Arts grants for sacrilegious and obscene art first associated with Andres Serrano and Robert Mapplethorpe. When the NEA scandal erupted, the response from the Left was that it is precisely the most valuable art that is the most provocative and destabilizing; and, furthermore, because of the value of such provocation and destabiliza-

PAVAROTTI TO THE RESCUE

DESPITE the rain of a typical London summer, Luciano Pavarotti attracted a—mainly young—crowd of a hundred thousand to a free concert in Hyde Park the other evening. Had it not rained, the figure—by general consent—would have been a quarter of a million. When so vast a crowd gathers together, even for a free concert, it must mean something.

Past experience suggests that Pavarotti's feat will enter history. In 1969, around a quarter of a million people descended on the town of Woodstock (and later at other venues) to listen to rock groups, smoke dope, fornicate, and—in a couple of cases—stab one another. Ever since, popular sociology has spoken of the Woodstock Generation. In the same year, the Rolling Stones attracted a quarter of a million to Hyde Park. Popular sociology would have it that those gatherings were all to do with the 1960s' revolt by the children of the postwar world against the nine-to-five affluent society created by their parents.

So the Pavarotti crowds will be said to tell us something about the 1990s. Among the explanations, "hype" will be the first candidate. The unexceptional impresario Harvey Goldsmith will go down as a genius who persuaded large numbers of people that they wanted to hear Pavarotti. The 1990s, it will be said, were the era of hype. Pavarotti will be at one with Madonna.

Thus is ignored the evidence of hype failed. There is no such thing as a "bankable" star. Bruce Willis had two triumphs with his *Die Hard* films. But his latest, *Hudson Hawk*, has flopped. The story is apparently not exciting, or ridiculous, enough. In the 1960s and 1970s, Rudolf Nureyev was as big a star as Pavarotti is today. But his last tours have been an embarrassment because he can no longer leap high enough. The public stays away. There will come a time when Pavarotti can no longer soar. If he is unwise enough to carry on trying to, the public will not turn out for him.

There has long been a need, on the part of the educated class, to believe that we are manipulated by anonymous forces. Hence the popularity of a postwar genre assuring that class that all was not as it seemed—Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders*, Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*. According to such theories, the taste for Pavarotti was simply manufactured when the taste for rock music began to level off. Subscribers to this theory have that delicious feeling of knowing something that the rest of us do not.

But the real explanation why Pavarotti lured such vast numbers cannot overlook something obvious: his voice—as beautiful a sound as is to be heard in the world today. It is often suggested that he lacks taste because he sobs, goes into ecstasies, and confines his repertoire to the popular. He sings like that, however, not because of artistic failings, but by choice. He thinks that is what the works demand. When he sings something different—*viz.* his recording of Mozart's *Idomeneo*—he is refined and restrained.

It is true that the world has had other great voices, and they could not attract the masses. Pavarotti's, however, is in a particular tradition established by Enrico Caruso (1873–1921). Opera always had a big audience in Italy, but Italy did not have much of a proletariat. It was unclear whether opera would command the allegiance of the emerging urban class. Before Caruso, the Italian tenor was a more restrained figure. Caruso realized opera's emotional power. He introduced the sobs, and the heart-bursting.

My explanation for his success is that the style was as much American as Italian. New York had created one of the first Italian proletariats. In Caruso's first appearances at the Metropolitan Opera, the critics found him crude. He appealed literally over their heads, to the Italian immigrants in the gallery.

Caruso, then, was among that first generation of performers with vast personalities directed at the American mass market. He is as much on a par with Al Jolson as with the Italian tenors who preceded him. The Caruso authority Michael Scott has written that he was "how Everyman would have liked to sing had he the voice; in the bathroom it was Caruso he fancied he heard."

Pavarotti is heir to Caruso's tradition. But as well as his voice, there is what he sings. Even the greatest popular entertainers, such as Sinatra, do not sing songs as good as his. Even if they wanted to, their voices could not. Pavarotti's repertoire is drawn from the last period when the world's greatest operatic composers wrote for the wider public—which era ended with Puccini's *Turandot* in 1926. By then high art and popular art were going their separate ways. But if, since Caruso, there have always been tenors with mass appeal, and if there has long been a repertoire of popular operas, why can Pavarotti draw a crowd which only rock groups could draw twenty years ago?

I think it is because, for more and more people, rock continues to appeal to their sexuality, but not to their sense of romance, glamor, or tragedy. Rock was right for the 1960s' revolt against bourgeois notions—of which romance, glamor, and tragedy are three. But, to the young, *rock* is a bourgeois notion. After Pavarotti, they will still rock on. But rocking is no longer subversive. Many's the time they will have been embarrassed to see their parents prancing about the dining room to the Stones. Hyde Park 1991 is youth's revenge on Woodstock 1969.

—FRANK JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson is Associate Editor of the Sunday Telegraph, *London.*

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tion, public support must be unfettered by content restrictions. This liberal/radical response is easily understood: we could have expected nothing more from those who defend flag-burning as a form of political speech vital to our constitutional system.

The conservative response to the NEA scandal is not so easily understood. At first it consisted of shock and outrage, mostly coming from the religious Right. With this emotional outpouring came demands from Senator Helms for the prohibition of grants for works containing obscenity, pornography, and sacrilege. The Helms amendment, watered down in conference, was the first fruit of these demands. But restrictions on NEA grant-making proved a bonanza for arts advocates and the media, and unenforceable to boot. Sadly, the conservative outcry failed utterly to suggest just what content *should* be supported by government or by anyone else.

Other conservatives (notably Representative Crane) demanded the elimination of the NEA entirely. For them, the issue was not the objectionable content of these grants, but rather *any* federal support for art at all. According to this argument, culture is solely a matter of private taste and decision. I myself have heard Congressman Rohrabacher say that it was fine with him if a homosexual center wanted to exhibit the Mapplethorpe photographs, but that the Federal Government had no business paying for the exhibition. But disgusting art remains disgusting, however it is funded. While we may wish neither to subsidize nor to prohibit it, we cannot be indifferent to its influence on society.

These congressmen are not alone in wishing to sidestep the issue of content. Congressman Hyde, a valiant fighter against these dreadful grants, has recently written that all attempts "to enforce any minimum level of aesthetic achievement and ethical responsibility on publicly funded art is futile," and suggested that the NEA funds should be used for scholarships for students "majoring in the fine arts." In this way, the government could "nurture young artists without either outraging the public . . . or incurring charges of censorship and philistinism." The problem with the Hyde proposal is that art students must study something, and that "something" is just another term for content. Alas, the scholarships proposed by Congressman Hyde would be used for the study of just what he did not wish to fund in the first place.

The difficulty with the Helms, Crane, Rohrabacher, and Hyde approaches is not that they wish to control or even eliminate the NEA. The problem is that in viewing culture solely in terms of its governmental support, they have not gone on to consider that in culture what government does is only a reflection of what is going on in society at large. The problem of culture is a problem of the private realm, and must be fought out in that realm.

No Difference

IMAGINE that a group of 175 or so contributors had each guaranteed a gift of one million dollars to the arts every year for ten years—on condition that the NEA be abolished. How would the outcome of this privately controlled support differ from that of our present governmental support?

I suggest that the outcome would be virtually the same. There would immediately be a demand for the coordination of these private grants. To arrange this coordination, the private support group would quickly hire all the senior staff of the old Endowment. Under the influence of this old-new staff, guidelines would be developed to guarantee approximately the same distribution of grants to the same recipients. The arguments for the artistic cutting edge, of Mapplethorpe and Serrano fame, would win the day again. So would the arguments for outreach and representation—and multiculturalism as well. For proof, just look at the current grants lists of the corporations, foundations, and individuals who support the arts in this country. So the problem is not to get private bodies and individuals involved, but rather to change the present disposition of the private sector.

The Left, in and out of government, knows full well that he who controls culture controls not just how people live but how they perceive themselves. We are all aware of the Left's cultural agenda: primitivism, feminism, racialism, multiculturalism, and sexual radicalism. The Left wishes to use culture to remold man and society on radical lines, with destruction of individual autonomy and reason followed by the destruction of every traditional social habit and institution, including churches and ending with the family.

Our opponents enforce their cultural agenda in three ways: through the selection of people, the making of laws, and the spending of other people's money. The Left and their sympathizers largely control the administration and the policy of our public agencies, of legislative committees that decide how public money is spent, of educational institutions, of the mainstream churches, of arts institutions, and of the foundations—just think of Ford and Rockefeller—that support culture. They are heavily over-represented in every kind of electronic and print medium. As a result our culture propagates the values of the Left and brings them into all our homes.

What is the response of conservatives to this leftist hegemony? Like everyone else, conservatives consume culture; they watch television, go to movies, read books, and listen to music. The children of conservatives consume culture; they watch television, go to movies, read books, and listen to music. Conservatives support the institutions of high culture, and they are represented among the owners of the media corporations that produce popular culture. In all these senses, conservatives are fully active in culture.

Or are they? Why is culture formed so completely by the Left, rather than by the Right? Conservatives have devoted their public energies to defense, foreign policy, taxation, the economy. The result has been the election of Presidents Nixon, Reagan, and Bush, all of whom won as conservatives, even if they did not always govern in that spirit. Elsewhere conservatives have been content to lead their private lives, regarding culture as part of that private life. Hence they failed to develop explicit cultural goals and programs, parallel to their goals of resistance to Communism, lower taxes, and a sympathetic climate for business. While this might be an admirable stance in a perfect world, in this world it abandoned culture to a Left that was determined to politicize it.

When the Left did so conservatives merely shrugged. They have acted as if disputes within the Left about cultural radicalization would cancel each

(Continues on page 53)

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Yearning to Be Free

DAVID FRUM

NICHOLAS LEMANN's powerful book might well prove a momentous event in the evolution of modern liberalism. Just when it seems that most of America, and even most of liberal America, has resigned itself to the hopelessness of the situation of the urban black poor, Lemann has set himself the task of rousing the country to anger about it. But he is attempting to ignite this anger in a curious —and curiously hopeful—way: by representing the urban black poor as immigrants much like the immigrants who filled America's cities in the past.

Beginning in the 1920s, and then with gathering force after the advent of cotton-picking machines drove black labor off the land in the 1940s, millions of Southern blacks moved northward. The migrants arrived with few of the skills necessary to prosper in an industrial society, and, worse, with even fewer of the values. Their experience as farmworkers and as sharecroppers had taught them that employment was almost always exploitation—that the boss would cheat them of their pay and that it was therefore foolish not to cheat the boss of their work. "This ethic," Lemann says, "was known as 'getting over'—that is, getting your own crop over with so you could do something else; more generally, it meant running some kind of hustle, especially on white people, in hope of coming out ahead in a game you couldn't possibly win by playing by the rules."

The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration & How It Changed America, by Nicholas Lemann (Knopf, 410 pp., $24.95)

Lemann focuses on a group of migrants from Clarksdale, Mississippi. One of them, Ruby Daniels, was born in 1916, out of wedlock, to a 15-year-old mother, and spent her youth picking cotton for the white planters of the Mississippi Delta. She grew up under a regime of humiliating racial oppression. "There was no brake on dishonest behavior by a planter toward a sharecropper. For a sharecropper to sue a planter was unthinkable. Even to ask for a more detailed accounting was known to be an action with the potential to endanger your life. . . . Hortense Powdermaker, an anthropologist from Yale who spent a year in the 1930s studying the town of Indianola, Mississippi, sixty miles down the road from Clarksdale, estimated that only a quarter of the planters were honest in their accounting."

Tim Bower

To escape, Ruby Daniels moved to Chicago in 1946. She did not prosper much better there. Her clan, as Lemann makes unsparingly clear, was touched by almost every vice of underclass life: Ruby had six children by three different men, and all but one of those children ended up either on welfare or as some sort of addict and criminal.

However ill-equipped their sharecropper background had left the migrants, Southern blacks failed to make their way at least partly because the rules had, once again, been changed on them. Unskilled manufacturing jobs began to vanish from the American economy soon after the migrants arrived. Industry was moving to the suburbs, employing fewer people and demanding more skills from those it did employ. The ladder out of poverty that the Irish, the Slavs, and the Italians had successively climbed was snatched away just as the Southern blacks reached to grasp it.

What economic security the migrants found, as Lemann tells the story, they found working in government. The huge expansion of government that began in 1965—combined with the new practice of reverse discrimination—may not have conquered poverty for all, but it certainly worked for some. Welfare may have crippled the blacks who took it, but it propelled the blacks who administered it into the middle class.

Lemann believes that this sort of employment was the very least white America could offer its black migrants. The misery escaped by the immigrants who arrived at Ellis Island was not traceable to America's sins; the misery escaped by the immigrants who arrived at Chicago's 12th Street railway station is the direct result of what Lemann calls America's "original sin." But he frankly acknowledges that, just or not, the jobs created as a byproduct of the Great Society have not proved a terribly effective solution to the problem posed by the great migration. And that ineffectiveness has been bad not just for black America, but for the cause of liberalism. "It is in large measure the shortcomings of the government's response to the black migration in the first place that accounts for the overall loss of faith in government domestic policy."

The shortcomings that Lemann particularly condemns are, first, the Federal Government's insistence on forcing its often dogmatic methods on conservative though non-racist ethnic politicians in the North, just as it had on the genuinely racist politicians of the South; and, second, the fatal alliance between racial liberalism and

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moral libertinism. Americans, Lemann concedes, are not without a racial conscience. They don't even mind paying for big and costly programs to salve that racial conscience. But they very much do mind paying taxes to support idleness, promiscuity, and crime. If only big government could devote itself instead to work, family, and lawfulness, he thinks, it could again command the country's support. Statism plus moral traditionalism is his formula for saving the urban black poor.

> The rather casual official attitude toward street crime . . . which has existed ever since there have been ghettos could finally end, and police officers could be put back on the streets and criminals quickly punished. Welfare could become a temporary program leading to a job. Housing projects could begin screening tenants again, and kicking out bad ones. We could try to improve the chances that every ghetto child is born healthy, learns to read and write in elementary school, graduates from high school, gets trained for the job market as it now exists, puts off parenthood until he or she can manage a family, and has a job waiting at the end of the process. The government could even provide the job itself, in the form of New Deal–style projects that produce tangible results and impart real work experience.

It takes a subtle ear to catch the point where the Lemann program leaves earth's orbit. More police officers *could* be put on the streets and criminals *could* be more quickly punished. Welfare *could* become a temporary program leading to a job. Housing projects *could* eject bad tenants.

But how in the world can a society improve the chances that poor children will be born healthy when by far the single most important factor in determining the health of that child is the attitude of the mother? How can a society improve the chances that poor youths will graduate from high school when they themselves won't do what is necessary to graduate? How can a society stop girls from getting pregnant when even at 15 they're sexually promiscuous? Nothing but the most radical intrusion into individual lives would have any chance of achieving any of those goals—and even then the chance would be pretty small.

Lemann estimates the cost of his entire program, minus the federal job guarantee, at between $10 and $25 billion. And the job guarantee? In the private sector, it takes an average capital investment of $50,000 to create a useful job. If the Federal Government can be as economical, it would take a $50-billion initial investment to put a million underclass men and women to work on federal projects, and then, at a modest $25,000-a-year package of wages and benefits, another $15 billion a year to keep them there.

"To be born into a ghetto is to be consigned to a fate that no American should have to suffer," Lemann concludes. Of course he's right. But if Americans go on suffering that fate, Lemann himself has helped us to understand why: The actions needed to rescue them are actions on a scale that no society committed to limited government can easily contemplate.

Some reviewers of *The Promised Land* have complained that Lemann overemphasizes the responsibility of the Great Migration of the 1940s and 1950s for the ghetto pathologies of today. They note that the preponderance of social research suggests that migrants from the South were *less* likely than Northern-born blacks to live in poverty.

Perhaps because it seems so far-fetched in the present political climate, there has been rather less criticism of his proposal to relaunch the Great Society. But it is politics, not social science, that Lemann aims to change, and it is a political answer that his book most demands. Conservatives have a wide variety of answers to offer, from the enterprise zones and privatized public housing of Jack Kemp to the moral reformulation of James Q. Wilson. But the most tenable conservative answer is likely to be more modest. What the children of the black migrants of the South need is very much like what the children of Italian, Polish, Jewish, Irish, and German immigrants needed when they were poor: streets safe from crime and an economy vibrant enough to employ them. In other words, rather than a second Great Society, free trade and hanging. □

A Genius Unbecoming

MATTHEW SCULLY

Young Nietzsche: Becoming a Genius, by Carl Pletsch (Free Press, 300 pp., $22.95)

IT would be hard to imagine Socrates and Aristotle sitting around discussing their own "genius," writing in diaries of their longing to be recognized for genius, or even consciously striving for that gift. Almost by definition, real genius is outward-looking, concerned with ideas or creations and not with itself.

One has to wonder, then, about Friedrich Nietzsche, whose deliberate "self-transformation" Carl Pletsch has traced. It was a slow, disciplined struggle full of anguish and disappointment, writes Mr. Pletsch, and always with just that goal in mind: to be a genius, and recognized as such. Above all Nietzsche did not want to be an ordinary man doing ordinary things, even if that life held out a happiness unavailable to the noble but lonely "genius."

In those days, the author observes, "God was retreating to the wings, and genius emerged as the focus of something approaching a secular religion." Young Friedrich having embraced this notion, his life was a search for established geniuses whom he could emulate—Goethe, Schopenhauer, Richard Wagner—and eventually eclipse. He was five when his father died; thus, Mr. Pletsch speculates, the quest for models was bound up with a yearning to fill the paternal void. As early as age 14, in 1858, Nietzsche was writing an "autobiography"—*Aus Meinem Leben*—imitating Goethe's work by that name. His deepest wish, the boy confided in his notebook, was "to write a little book and then read it."

"It is, in its youthful way," Mr. Pletsch reflects, "an exemplification of the largest project of the genius: an attempt to create the world in which he would live."

The rest of Nietzsche's story is told interestingly enough: his break from academic conventions, his poignant attempts at romance, his discipleship

Mr. Scully is NR's Assistant Literary Editor.

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under Wagner and subsequent estrangement, and his triumph as the author of books that had their desired shocking effect and gave us the *Ubermensch*, the "eternal return," and the regrettable news that "God is dead." Mr. Pletsch, a history instructor at Ohio's Miami University, writes well and, despite an awe of Nietzsche, occasionally picks up on the conceits of modern "geniuses." (Though, alas, writing of the Enlightenment he can still offer as inane an observation as: "For the first time perhaps, the pen was proving mightier than the sword"—which makes you wonder what Plato, the Apostles, Augustine, or other scribes from antiquity or the subsequent "Dark Ages" might have written with.)

But here is the book's central flaw. Mr. Pletsch describes but never quite defines the trait he so greatly admires. Geniuses "create the world in which [they] live," he asserts. Because "narcissism is a virtue of genius," the genius defies conventions and "fashions a unique self." Even today, "some of us find it as difficult to look directly upon the creativity of the genius as Moses did to look upon God in the burning bush." Nietzsche's friendship with the genius Wagner "fitted him for his [own] creative mission. It permitted him to complete his transformation from a provincial son of a Lutheran pastor and sometime professor of philology into a world-renowned nihilist philosopher."

RIGHT BOOKS

■ Tom Wolfe, Gay Talese, Terry Southern, Joan Didion, Truman Capote, Hunter Thompson . . . P. J. O'Rourke? "New journalism" is a style popular among budding journalists because it allows the writer and his opinions to be part of whatever story he happens to be reporting. The danger is obvious: Will the author's sensibility become the whole subject of the report? Miss Didion, one feels, would find Hawaii arid and sinister. The worst excesses of this approach can be seen in the later Hunter Thompson, a psycho-babble cynicism lacking direction or credibility which inundates the reality it claims to report. At its best (early Thompson, O'Rourke) it is sharp, bold, entertaining, and even true in that it accurately depicts the intrusion of the author into a foreign situation and his reactions to it.

In Mr. O'Rourke's earlier book *Holidays in Hell*, he played the part of the U.S. tourist in the Peter Arno cartoon asking a scandalized Moslem in prayer: "Eh, Mac, is this the way to Mecca?" In *Parliament of Whores: A Lone Humorist Attempts to Explain the Entire U.S. Government* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 233 pp., $19.95), he bursts into the Beltway with the same cheerful appallingness. The tone is set early: "The government is huge, stupid, greedy, and makes nosy, officious, and dangerous intrusions into the smallest corners of life . . ." But Mr. O'Rourke reminds us throughout that as long as we the people are munching prime pork, we had just better keep a sense of humor about things.

Mr. O'Rourke's standpoint, as the title of his first book admitted, is that of a Republican Reptile. Witness his contrasting Santa Claus and God, with the former being a Democrat and the Latter a Republican. "God," the author confides, "is an elderly or, at any rate, middle-aged male, a stern fellow, patriarchal rather than paternal and a great believer in rules and regulations. He holds men strictly accountable for their actions. . . . It is extremely difficult to get into God's heavenly club."

Santa Claus, on the other hand, is "nonthreatening. He's always cheerful. And he loves animals. He may know who has been naughty and nice, but he never does anything about it. . . . He works hard for charities, and he's famously generous to the poor. Santa Claus is preferable to God in every way but one: There is no such thing as Santa Claus."

From this unillusioned standpoint, the author gives periodic reports from two worlds: inside the Beltway, where he lived for an eternity of two years, and the real world, where he ventured to observe the consequences of government.

Take, for instance, the principle of "parity" which the U.S. Government adopted in the 1920s to ensure that farmers' goods would receive the same price in inflation-adjusted dollars as they had in 1910–1914. Sounds reasonable, even compassionate. But how does it work outside the Beltway? "If we applied the logic of parity to automobiles instead of feed and grain, a typical economy car would cost forty grand. $43,987 is what a 1910 Nash Rambler cost in 1990 dollars. And for that you got a car with 34 horsepower, no heat, no A/C, no tape deck or radio, and no windows around the front seat. If farm parity were a guiding principle of human existence we'd not only have lousy, high-priced economy cars, we'd have a total lack of civilization. When there isn't enough food, everybody has to spend all his time getting fed and nobody has a minute to invent law, architecture, or big clubs to hit cave bears over the head with. Agricultural prices have been falling, relative to the prices of other goods and services, not since the 1920s, but since the Paleolithic age. And it's a good thing. Otherwise we wouldn't grow food, we'd be food."

It would be hard to come up with sharper truths so well expressed, and in so economical a style. No congressional committee has managed even the first.

Parliament of Whores is being touted as a belly-aching good time by publicists; the very subtitle makes light of Mr. O'Rourke's efforts. Which is fine, and will probably put the book on the best-seller list. But don't expect brain candy. The author has asked too many questions and seen too much of the world to be shrugged off as a mere entertainer. The fizzing cynicism is as much a reflection of experience as a literary style.

Consider his description of a federally funded housing project: "The stairwell was a cascade of filth, a spilling of human urine and unidentifiable putrefying matter. . . . It would have cheered me up to see anything as vibrant as a rat. . . . I've been to Beirut, where people were living in holes scooped out of rubble. I've been to the Manila city dump, where people were living in holes scooped out of garbage. And I've been to villages in El Salvador where people weren't living any more because they had been shot. I've been to rioting Soweto shantytowns and besieged Gaza Strip refugee camps, and half-starved Contra outposts in the jungles of Honduras, and I've never been to a place I would less rather live than this housing project in New Jersey."

Does the truth hurt? Only when we laugh.

—ALLEN RANDOLPH

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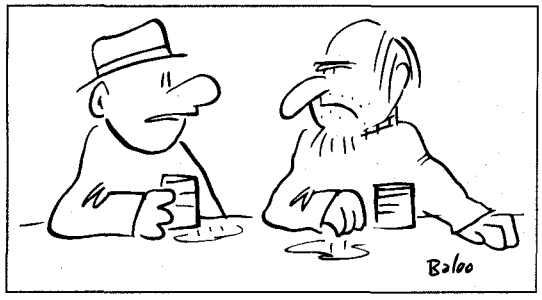
Leaving aside the logical problem of calling nihilism "a creative mission," much less rating narcissism a "virtue" in anyone, there is a confusion here between artistic and philosophical genius. The artist may indeed defy conventions and even startle—though the burning-bush imagery overdoes it a bit. But if we define philosophy as a discipline in which the object is truth, then genius consists not in creativity but in discernment. The superior philosopher is not the one who fashions the most daring or intricate theoretical system. The superior philosopher is the wisest, the one whose ideas bear the closest relation to reality. As a philosopher and guide for mankind, therefore, Nietzsche rates praise for his "genius" only if nihilism is correct. And if nihilism is correct and all is meaningless, what meaning is left to words like philosophy, wisdom, or genius? One can be at the same time an undisputed intellectual genius and—Nietzsche, Sartre, Bertrand Russell—a jackass.

Reading *Young Nietzsche: Becoming a Genius*, you begin to sense that in his fascination with intellectual brilliance Mr. Pletsch has missed the real drama of his subject's life. Nietzsche's achievement, he concludes, "was one of criticism, unmasking, deconstruction, demolition, and nihilism." It was "an attack on Socratism ancient and modern," a "lifelong assault upon complacent rationality and the pursuit of knowledge . . ." Toward Socrates, Nietzsche bore a ferocious hatred, because the philosopher had taught of moral virtue and humility, foreshadowing the "slave morality" of Christianity—a still greater calamity for mankind.

Of course, the greatness of Socrates was precisely that he himself would never have dreamed of a term like "Socratism," nor prided himself on such feats as "demolition and nihilism." But beyond that, what Mr. Pletsch has missed is the drama of a profound, sensitive soul closing itself to the divine. Precisely because of his intellectual genius, Nietzsche could not really have dismissed life's central questions—Does God exist, and what does He expect of us?—as childish nonsense; indeed the intensity he brought to his project of "demolition" reflects not calm, good-faith disbelief, but defiance.



"You're a nihilist, eh? Well, at least you have something *to believe in."*

"The death of God," he wrote, "is the death of man from guilt." "The holiest and mightiest thing the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives. . . . With what water could we cleanse ourselves? . . . Must we not become gods just to seem worthy of it?"

It is hard to believe that these are the words of a genuine truth-seeker, as Mr. Pletsch takes Nietzsche to be. Even if one doubts or denies God's existence, to write such things requires a particular perversity—what Eric Voegelin harshly but accurately termed "demonic mendacity." God is "declared irrelevant," observed Voegelin in *Science, Politics, and Gnosticism*; "the prohibition of questions is solemnly made a principle of the speculation." And indeed, listen closely and you hear in Nietzsche something of the liar's yearning to be found out, only his idolators refuse to hear his pathetic sighs: I am "sick," he wrote in a letter quoted by Mr. Pletsch; "namely, spiritually sick."

To write as Nietzsche did required, too, a gift for jarring rhetoric, which was perhaps his real genius. Strip that away, and what you have is a sick, guilty little man weary of life, a spiritual orphan longing to be taken in and showered with attention. His brave "assault" on religion recalls Arthur Koestler's description of feminism as the rebellion of unhappy women against a world in which no one will ask them to dance. Exhorting man to a courageous confrontation of "the abyss" and "the maladies of history," to "overcome himself" in the "will to power," he had not even the will or courage to face the maladies of Nietzsche, and ended his days scribbling feverishly on such doctrines as "blood as spirit" and the inevitability of "master-slave morality"—ideas whose fruits would be seen long after the genius had left us. So it is with many modern "geniuses": brilliant, bold, creative, but in their pride, self-deception, and destructiveness, all too ordinary. □

Many Deaths

MICHAEL COREN

Dead Certainties (Unwarranted Speculations), by Simon Schama (Knopf, 333 pp., $26)

THAT truly profound thinkers such as Paul Johnson are eschewed and marginalized by the historical establishment speaks chapters, if not multi-volume official histories, about the state of the discipline. To attempt any break from the historiographical herd, away from its sententious revisionism, is to risk derision and perhaps permanent ostracism. Sizing up this situation, historian Simon Schama has adopted a mix of historical fact and speculative fiction—a strategy of indirection not unlike that used by one of the central characters in his latest volume, General James Wolfe, at the battle of Quebec.

The story of Wolfe and the British conquest of Canada begins this jubilantly thoughtful book. Wolfe's tale is the lesser half of a grisly duet of historical wanderings and wonderings, which each have as their crux a famous—infamous—death.

Wolfe, of course, died in battle and in uniform; Doctor George Parkman was attired in the equally recognizable costume of a Harvard academic when he was murdered by a fellow professor, John Webster, in 1849. At first sight the stories have nothing in common but the abrupt demise of their subjects. Yet there are threads which connect the two men. Both figures have been obscured since their death,

Mr. Coren is the author of Gilbert: The Man Who Was G. K. Chesterton *(Paragon House). His biography of H. G. Wells is to be published next year by Atheneum.*

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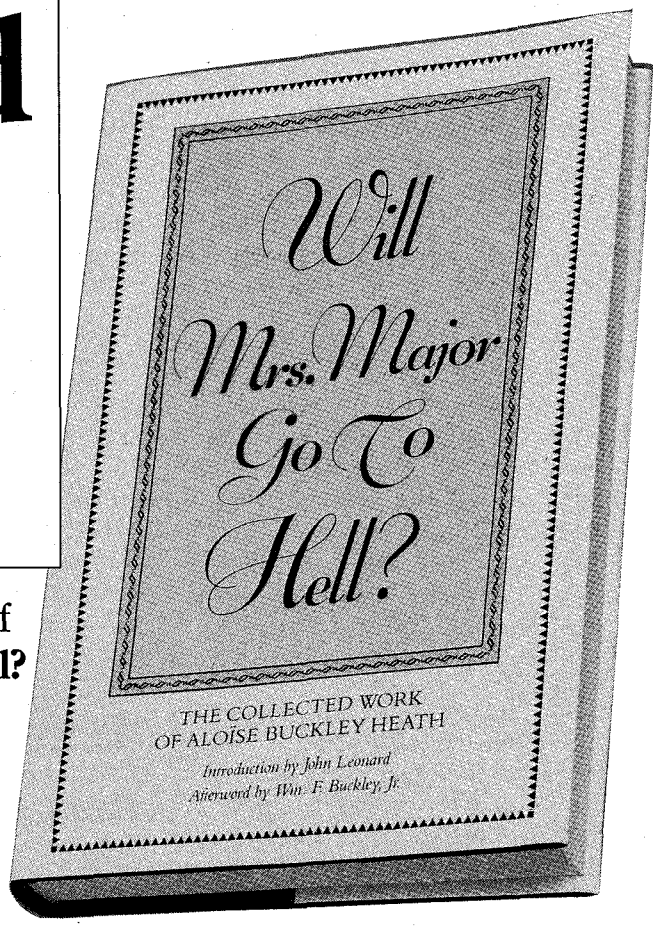
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Introduction by John Leonard
Afterword by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

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...and we honestly can't remember when we've seen a more tender, poignant collection of stories. The late Aloïse Buckley Heath (William F. Buckley Jr.'s sister) wrote some absolutely priceless things about her own family, and the early days of *National Review*, plus some marvelously funny satirical observations on our contemporary habits and institutions.

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whether by a miasma of glorification or a lack of authentic information. And neither, historiographically, has been properly laid to rest.

Schama's brief, then, is to provide a fitting burial. There are inadequate eyewitness accounts, factual data, and reliable sources to do this, so Professor Schama conjures up some for himself. Now, this is the most dangerous of enterprises for a respectable intellectual; Peter Ackroyd included some imaginary conversations involving Charles Dickens in his recent biography, and the criticism is still echoing. Schama, however, is open and honest in declaring his intentions. If there are incidents which we do not comprehend for lack of detail, why not exploit what we do know, and provide the best composite explanation possible?

In "The Many Deaths of James Wolfe" he analyzes the events of that fateful, and fatal, day in September 1759 from the viewpoints of several observers: a soldier who took part in the fight for Lower Canada; the historian Francis Parkman; and the American artist Benjamin West, who painted the magnificent but deeply dishonest portrait of Wolfe's death. West shocked artistic assumptions while bolstering imperial aspirations—the former because he dressed his figures not in the pristine robes of the ancients, but in the reds and blues and greens of eighteenth-century fighting men; the latter, because instead of depicting the cadaverous, neurotic figure of Wolfe dying by a bush at the side of the battlefield, he placed the moribund victor in the center of the carnage, surrounded by all the trappings of battle. Schama takes us on a tour of West's symbolism, then jolts us by suddenly throwing us into the hands of a participating redcoat. We learn of emasculation at the hands of the Indians, of Wolfe's lackluster countenance, and of the sheer chance and grit of warfare.

With the wretched George Parkman and "Death of a Harvard Man" there is more evidence and record on which to rely. Parkman was killed by the ebullient, highly popular chemistry professor John Webster, who owed his victim a substantial amount of money. Parkman's demands for payment had become increasingly strident, and in a fit of temper Webster struck and killed him one afternoon in the Harvard medical building. He then tried to dismember and incinerate the body, but proved an inept criminal from the start and was promptly discovered, convicted, and hanged. Nineteenth-century Boston was shaken to its well-heeled feet.

This is Schama at his imaginative and empathetic best. He transfers his emotions and intellect with ease into different ages and personas. He has an uncanny ability to "feel" with and for both victim and killer.

But the question is inevitably raised: How valid is this mingling of fact and fiction really? A novelist with no academic pretensions, after all, invariably employs a similar recipe, though his ingredients are perhaps balanced in a different way. Schama's answer is that he has earned the right to extend our knowledge into the realms of his subtitle—"unwarranted speculations." In his ample bibliography he writes, for example, that "This book is a work of the imagination that chronicles historical events. In both parts, the narratives are based on primary sources. In many cases, including some of the most unlikely episodes . . . I have faithfully followed accounts given in letters and journals. Testimony and arguments presented at the trial of John Webster are quoted verbatim from the record."

The quality that this author requires from his readers is trust, and with the corridors of academe now lined with subterfuge and hypocrisy, trust is a very difficult gift to offer. If that trust is withheld, the book will frustrate and perturb in equal proportions; if it is given, *Dead Certainties* will seem a literary and scholarly triumph. □

TRAVEL

Barging through the Tulips

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

IT'S TULIP TIME in Holland. And we are booked for a seven-day cruise that will take us from Amsterdam to Haarlem, Rotterdam, Gouda, Delft, Leyden, and back, on the *Juliana*, a converted 126-foot-long coal barge that accommodates 18 passengers and a crew of six. On this trip, the passengers are fun, the crew young, helpful, and pleasantly raffish. Cabins are small but comfortable, and the saloon and dining area are light and airy. Food, liquor, guided tours, transportation—everything but the tip—is included in rates ranging from about $1,700 to $2,000 a person.

Green fields (it's mid April) filled with browsing cows and sheep, calves and lambs, stretch back from the canals on either side. In and around Haarlem huge greenhouses dot the landscape, emitting an eerie gleam at night. You note the absence of fences; tiny canals, dividing the fields into squares and rectangles, fulfill that function. You notice, too, the absence of dense woods. There is no forest primeval in Holland. You will see no ruined castles on a hill. You will see no hill. But where else can you look up to find a windmill etched against the skyline, its sails now permanently folded, a reminder of the day when the wind was harnessed to keep the waters at bay and keep the grindstones turning?

Zaanse Schans is a Dutch version of Massachusetts's Sturbridge Village. Ancient farmhouses and barns, craft shops and stores, and three windmills have been brought here to recreate what a Dutch town a couple of centuries back might have been like.

Kevin, our pleasant and capable 23-year-old captain—he looks about 12—points across the canal to a row of sturdy green-and-white gabled houses. These are "good year houses," built when a fisherman had a good season. Some have large square windows on the front unencumbered by lace curtains. These are Catholic homes built this way, open for all to see, to symbolize their clarity of soul, Kevin tells us. We see, too, a fascinating demonstration of how wooden clogs are made today, one pair turned out by machine every ten minutes, and—on a video, simultaneously—how a clogmaker used to do the same job with hand tools. It took a master craftsman three hours to make one pair.

We pull under a drawbridge in Haarlem and tie up for the night. On

Miss Buckley is an NR *Senior Editor.*

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the opposite bank is a row of gloriously high, narrow-gabled houses, tilting forward over the street and leaning one against the other, as if for support. Homeowners in Holland have this problem of their houses sinking and tilting as pilings and supports shift in the wet sands. We take a walk through the Great Market this evening after dinner. The Town Hall stands angular and stark against the evening sky at one end, the great church at the other, as in most Dutch towns. The carillon peels out, as in most Dutch towns most of the time.

Haarlem is the home of Frans Hals, and the quiet and pleasant Frans Hals museum contains a large number of his group paintings of various Watches, local military organizations. But we saw finer Hals portraits at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, to which we were directed by an affable trolley driver who assured us, "I will say you when"—that is, when it was time to get off. The Dutch we found to be uniformly courteous and amusing.

It is in Amsterdam that we first encounter William the Silent, father of Holland's eighty-year-long war of independence. A rather fuzzy painting shows heavily laden men skating along frozen canals toward a walled city. The caption (one of the few not in Dutch) tells us that these are William the Silent's "Sea Urchins" skating to the (unsuccessful) relief of Haarlem. Our Michelin guide tells us that in 1568 William of Orange led a revolt against Philip II's unleashing of the Spanish Inquisition in the Lowlands.

In Delft we will visit the burial vaults of the Royal House of Orange in the Nieuwe Kerk (don't bother), but find more compelling the Prinsenhof Museum. It's a former convent, so quiet one can imagine the rustle of a nun's habit in its silent corridors. It was here, in 1584, that Philip's assassin caught up with William the Silent. The gouges made by the bullets that killed William are preserved at the foot of a staircase under a protective pane of glass.

At Gouda (pronounced Howda) Michelin tells us that "the Iconoclastic Fury" spared forty of the original seventy stained-glass windows in the Janskerk, Holland's largest church. We are given no other hint about the Iconoclastic Fury but surmise that Dutch Protestants, like their brethren

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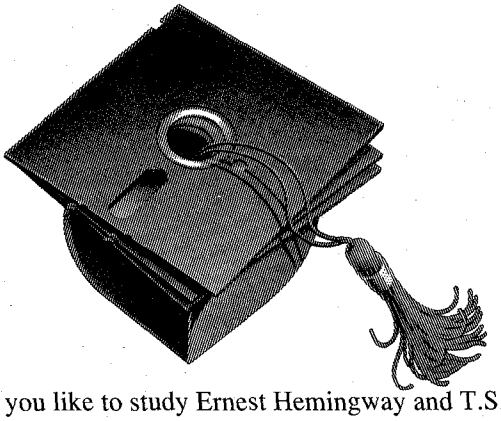

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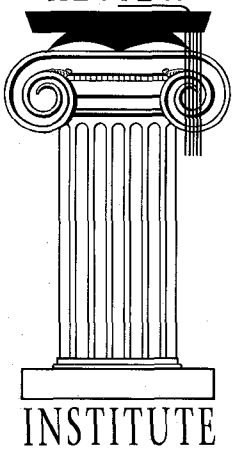

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elsewhere in Europe, hated the opulence of Rome and smashed church windows and statuary whenever the occasion arose. We also conclude that the Iconoclasts who took out thirty of the Janskerk's really spectacular windows were either lazy or less Furious than usual. Because one of the windows they spared was donated by Philip II—William's archenemy—and is easily identified by his portrait and that of his consort, Mary Tudor of England. The artistry of these windows and their extraordinary perspective are a wonder to behold.

One learns after walking its quiet residential canal-side streets and its crowded, lively market square that Gouda is about more than cheese. But one also learns that an aged Gouda cheese in Holland bears about as much resemblance to what you get at the corner market as caviar does to cardboard.

It's up at 6:30 to see the gardens. But the two vans that accompany the *Juliana* take us first to the tulip fields. It's a grey and blustery morning, but nothing can dim the kaleidoscope of color that assails the eye, row upon row upon hundreds of rows of tulips: yellow, orange, mauve, lavender, pink, rose, magenta, coral, and purple, with every now and then a delinquent orange tulip popping up in a sea of yellow, or a purple tulip in a sea of rose. No one's perfect.

We enter the Keukenhof Gardens—gardens open to the public for less than two months every year, freshly planted annually with five to six million bulbs. It's an enchantment of rolling hills, small lakes, streams populated by stately swans and fussy ducks, fountains, tiny formal gardens, arbors, statuary. The paths that wind through its seventy acres are bordered by a strip of dark green lawn that separates the path from the lighter green grass beyond. It is a fairyland of spring flowers: forsythias, hyacinths, rhododendrons, pansies, jonquils, daffodils, crocuses, and everywhere tulips planted in colorful sweeps as if someone had flung brightly colored Oriental rugs at random over stretches of very green lawn.

Later this week we will visit the Aalsmeer flower auction, a building seventy football fields long, to which hundreds of thousands of cut flowers are brought each night; they are auctioned to buyers from all over the world in the early morning hours, rolled through the auction rooms and out to the packing area, and trucked to the airport. Those same flowers we watched being auctioned at 7:00 A.M. will be for sale in New York and Tokyo this same day.

We sail through Rotterdam harbor—one of the busiest harbors in the world—one evening, all 126 ungainly feet of us, through masses of container ships, tankers, tugs, and pleasure boats, through forests of derricks, and into a vast lock that—if I understood the explanation correctly—is opened up from time to time to let all of Holland's surplus water drain into the North Sea.

We spend one night at Leyden, and its history tends to speed our thoughts homeward. It was from Leyden that a handful of Puritans sailed for England on the *Speedwell* in 1620. Their craft was declared unseaworthy, and they joined other Pilgrims aboard the square-rigger *Mayflower* bound from Plymouth for a new life in a new world. □

DELECTATIONS

A Tale of Two Festivals

LINDA BRIDGES

EVA RESNIKOVA has been writing in these pages of the sad state of Broadway and the gladder state of Off Broadway; but there is even better news farther off Broadway—namely, at the summer theater festivals. Two of the best are outside our borders but well within reach of the Northeast and upper Midwest: the Stratford Shakespeare Festival and the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, both located on that arrowhead of southern Ontario that pokes down between Buffalo and Detroit.

Reviews of urban theater concentrate, it goes without saying, on the play. But ambiance is part of the point at festivals. When Clive Barnes was the *New York Times*'s chief reviewer in the early Seventies, he would always begin his first Stratford piece of the season with a brooding assessment of the town's unintended value as a diet spa. Then came the year when, under a new artistic director, Robin Phillips, Stratford perked up. Barnes led off his review not with, Finally, a good *Hamlet*! but with, Finally, a decent restaurant! Phillips has since departed, but several more than decent restaurants have come and stayed.

In honor of Nika Hazelton, who graced Delectations for 25 years until her retirement this spring, I shall follow Barnes's lead and begin with Neil Baxter, the star not of the Festival stage but of Rundles, a cheerful little restaurant overlooking the river. Baxter's is true *nouvelle cuisine*, in the tradition of Fernand Point and Paul Bocuse, not the New York/California kiwi-with-everything variety. His salmon strudel, confit of duck, warm quail salad, and lemon tart were enough to make visits to Stratford imperative even during those grim years when the company was wounded by a disagreement over Phillips's successor that took on Canadian-nationalist, kick-out-the-Brits overtones.

The wounds healed, and some of the most popular members of the company these days are English—notably Brian Bedford, who originally came to play opposite Maggie Smith (in, e.g., *Private Lives*, Molnar's *The Guardsman*, *Much Ado*) and wound up making Stratford his home base. Bedford stars in the surprise hit of the first half of the season, *Timon of Athens*.

Timon is understandably one of Shakespeare's less popular plays. The humor is biting and unpleasant. The height of its poetry is probably Timon's speech about thievery ("The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction / Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, / And her pale fire she snatches from the sun"). Timon is as bitter at the time of his death as when he left Athens, even though his former steward, Flavius, has given him a true example of disinterested love. Still, the play is solidly constructed and convincing in its depictions of the man whose generosity outruns proportion, and of his friends who suddenly remember pressing engagements when he needs their generosity in turn.

Miss Bridges is NR*'s Managing Editor.*

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Modern-dress productions usually spell gimmickry; but this one, in which the music is Twenties nightclub style and the men wear tuxedos, has no jarring anachronisms and may even abet the shock of recognition.

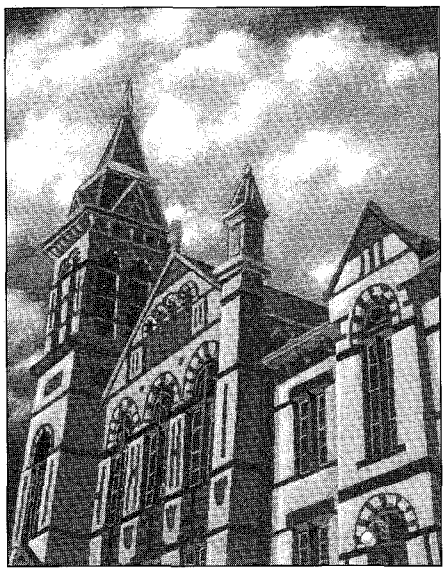
Bedford gets perfectly the sunny affability of the first scenes, the anguished fury of the last ones, and the transition as trust turns to incredulity, incredulity to blazing contempt. He is well supported by, among others, Nicholas Pennell as Sempronius (Pennell is known to Masterpiece Theatre fans as Michael Mont in *The Forsyte Sage*), Juan Chioran as Alcibiades, and Miles Potter as Flavius.

The Stratford Festival will run till early November this year, although several plays drop out before the end of the season (including *Timon*, which ends September 13). Other promising productions include *Much Ado* (directed by Richard Monette, whose acting career at Stratford included a brilliant Prince Hal/Henry V), *Our Town* (with Douglas Rain, one of Canada's most distinguished actors, as the Stage Manager), and *Carousel*.

Stratford's river, the Avon, is a pleasant but modest affair, where you can rent a paddleboat and mingle with the swans. Niagara-on-the-Lake's is rather grander: the town is built at the point where the Niagara River flows into Lake Ontario, twenty miles downstream of the Falls. Niagara has no Neil Baxter, but I dream of breakfast at the Oban Inn (especially the fish cakes) and dessert at the Buttery (blackberry apple crumble, with the apple dumpling a close second).

The Shaw Festival's mandate also includes plays by Shaw's contemporaries—a sizable field, given the old boy's longevity. There is often an Ibsen (this year's is *Hedda Gabler*, which I have not yet seen), always a farce, and usually a Noël Coward (the artistic director, Christopher Newton, is himself a dazzling Cowardian, bringing to roles like Elyot Chase and Garry Essendine just the right mixture of charm, wit, and waspishness). Like the Stratford, the Shaw Festival runs into November, but with a diminishing repertory.

The big GBS play this year is *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Michael Ball (a gruff and credible Jack Tanner in the full *Man and Superman* two years ago) plays a doctor, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, whose costly and difficult treatment for tuberculosis is besought by a young woman on behalf of her husband. The husband is a brilliant painter (we're told—theatrical productions seldom pay up on this claim, and the paintings we're shown are pretty



John Ward

awful) who is charming in a fin-de-siècle way but also a thorough bounder. Sir Colenso discusses the case with his doctor friends, each of whom, except the oldest and most disillusioned, has his own medical fad; for one, it's "Stimulate the phagocytes!"; for another, everything comes down to blood poisoning. When a doctor friend of theirs—who has no time for fads, as he works among the poor—reveals that he too has incipient tuberculosis, the question becomes, Save the moral man who helps people, or the immoral one who gives them pleasure? Shaw the puppeteer, winking over his characters' shoulders, mostly stays out of sight in this play, one of his most moving and disturbing.

After *Doctor's Dilemma* we can use a good farce; *A Cuckoo in the Nest*, by Ben Travers, fills the prescription. Major Bone (Barry MacGregor, *farceur par excellence*) is the father of a young woman who thinks her husband has gone off the rails. The young husband, Peter Wykeham (Simon Bradbury), turns out to have had car trouble getting to a country house-party and finds himself forced to share a bedroom with a beautiful Frenchwoman while trying to avoid contracting a) a divorce or b) pneumonia. The play is slow getting started, but it shifts into high gear with Peter's efforts to sleep on the floor with an inadequate blanket, while arctic gales blow through the open window and a toy

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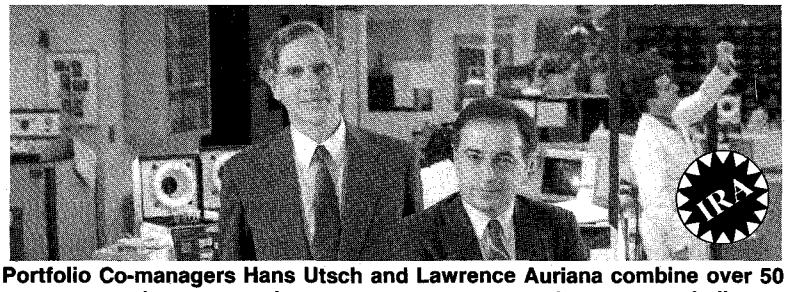

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poodle howls like the Hound of the Baskervilles. His feet go to sleep even if the rest of him doesn't, and Bradbury brings the physical comedy to a high pitch by careening around the room on legs that seem as boneless as Pavlova's arms in "The Dying Swan."

This Happy Breed is Noël Coward's tribute to the lower middle class he left behind. The play follows the Gibbons family from the end of World War I to the eve of World War II, but unlike Coward's extravaganza *Cavalcade* (of which the Shaw mounted a fine production a couple of seasons ago), *This Happy Breed* never leaves the Gibbons's dining room; the outside events—from the General Strike to the abdication of Edward VIII and the rise of Hitler—are merely reported on the radio. Even the few upheavals in the Gibbons family mostly take place offstage.

Alec Waugh, writing in this space twenty-odd years ago, claimed to find a particular satisfaction in soap opera, because it is so like life. But *This Happy Breed* reminds us that snippets of life strung together don't make art. We like these people—the kind and sententious Frank Gibbons (David Schurmann), his sensible wife, Ethel (Wendy Thatcher, who was the glamorous Frenchwoman in *Cuckoo*), and their good-natured neighbors Bob Mitchell and his son, Billy (Guy Bannerman and Peter Krantz)—and we mostly approve of them, but we're not likely to quote them. The program notes mention that Coward once ran a two-play season in which he played both Garry Essendine (in *Present Laughter*) and Frank Gibbons. One notices that Christopher Newton did not cast himself as Frank. If you're a Coward fan, you'll want to see *This Happy Breed*—but not again and again, as one does its more frivolous cousins. □

FILM

Seen Any Good Tracts Lately?

JOHN SIMON

A TREND for the Nineties is beginning to emerge from Hollywood movies. Actually only a trendlet so far, but it's growing. The idea is that power corrupts, but—and here we part company with Lord Acton—powerlessness ennobles. Yessir, ennobles, transubstantiates, redeems. In the hands of a St. Francis, much could be done with this idea; in the hands of Hollywood, it turns into hogwash.

Take a thoroughly contemptible film such as ***Regarding Henry***, made by Mike Nichols, no less. We have here a ruthless New York lawyer, Henry, who is beastly to his lovely wife, Sarah, and repressed daughter, Rachel. And not much better to the people he works with (also creepy), including a fellow lawyer, Linda, his mistress. Woe betide the hapless little fellow who becomes the victim of hospital malpractice if Henry represents the hospital: like hope and charity (forget about faith!), justice gets trampled into the mud of acquisitiveness. One night Henry gets shot in the head by a fellow holding up a candy store. Though he survives, his mental powers are gone. Not to worry: the new Franciscanism is about to commence.

Through the good offices of a psychiatric social worker and a physical therapist, Henry recovers most of his faculties, albeit in a somewhat slowed-down form, which proves all to the good. He stops cheating on Sarah, even forgives her brief, desperate, self-defensive fling with a colleague of his. He learns to make love to her all over again, this time tenderly; tenderer yet, he sells his huge East Side apartment and buys a charming West Side house, over which Sarah can joyously preside. For Rachel, he 1) buys a puppy, 2) accompanies her to the library, but rather than let her read, throws spitballs at her (who needs book-learning?), and 3) marches, with wife and puppy in tow, into her fancy Eastern boarding school, where she and the other girls, in chapel (!), are being indoctrinated in the Protestant work ethic by the materialistic principal, and takes Rachel right out of school with, so help me, the principal's blessing. Will the other little girls take this lying down, or will they manage to get their non-brain-damaged fathers to follow suit?

Henry does other inspiriting things as well. He drops his greedy friends, becomes chummy with his doorman, helps the victims of his law firm recoup their losses, invites his physical therapist over to the house. He stops wearing well-tailored suits and goes smartly baggy-casual. He parts his hair in the middle, like Sterling Holloway or John L. Lewis. He quits the law and Linda, and gets no other grubby job. There is some hint that Sarah, who has gone back to her old-time forte, real estate, will be the breadwinner—unless, that is, she too gets shot in the head.

Alan Nahigian

This wretched screenplay is the work of another of those film-school hotshots, Jeffrey Abrams, 23 when he concocted it. We glimpse him as a delivery boy in the movie, though his looks would have been more appropriate for the mugger. Abrams, a former New Yorker, has a kneejerk-liberal agenda up his sleeve. Although the legal milieu with which he is familiar is largely Jewish, he disguises this by calling his protagonist Henry Turner (symbolic, too!), and having him played by Harrison Ford. Henry's boss is the even more WASP Donald Moffat. Something does come through, though, in the names of Henry's wife and daughter: Sarah, Rachel.

The gunman seems Latin, but this is more than made up for by the Turners' wise and humane maid. The hospital social worker is female (respect

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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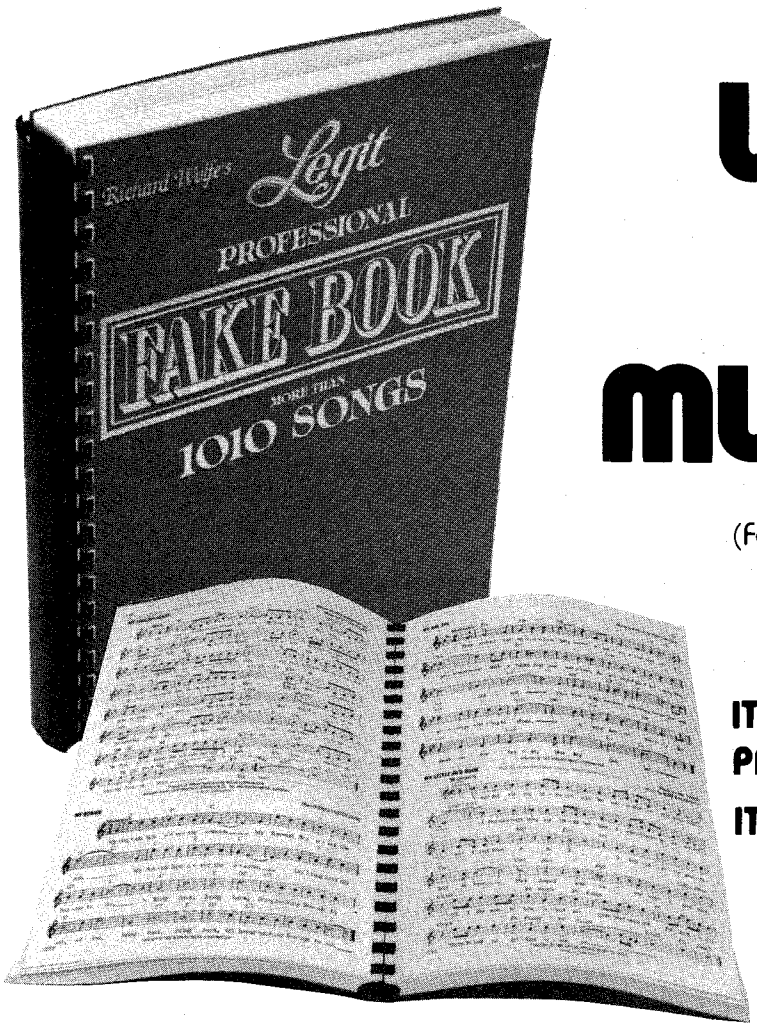

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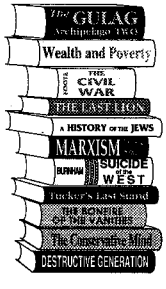
women!); the wonderful physiotherapist, Bradley, is black (respect minorities!). In a heart-warming monologue, Bradley relates what a great professional football player he could have been if, in his last amateur game, he had not permanently injured his knee. Instead of becoming a selfish, overpaid athlete, he has turned into a saintly fellow helping others; his gratitude for his wrecked knee overflows. So it is not only head damage that can save your soul; if your brains are in your knee, you can go that slightly less precarious route.

In fact, if the mugger is allowed to be ethnic, it is probably because of his soteriological role in the scheme of things. I do not think for a moment that writers like Abrams, filmmakers like Nichols (real name Michael Igor Perschkowsky), and studio bosses—whatever their names—believe a word of this claptrap. They are thoroughly corrupt ideologically, if not morally, and perhaps need a shot in the head. I doubt if they would recover like Harrison Ford (whose brutish looks and swinish acting further undercut the movie). More likely, they would become vegetables or corpses, which may indeed be the only cures open to them.

AUDIO BOOKS



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■ On a slightly, but only slightly, higher level, there is ***The Doctor***. Here we have an eminent heart surgeon, Jack MacKee, played by William Hurt (better than Ford), who has become arrogant with success and affluence; his San Francisco lifestyle is the exact counterpart of Ford's New York one. Though he cures most of his patients, his cocky, wisecracking manner bruises their egos; his wife and son must live in their own worlds, too, at arm's length. Then Jack is diagnosed as having a malignant tumor in his throat. Though a patient at the hospital where he is a surgeon, he gets little or no special treatment. (Believe that who will.) Doctors, nurses, orderlies, other personnel either don't know him or don't fear him; he has to fill out endless forms, be roughly treated by various underlings (including a mistakenly meted out barium enema), put up with enforced waiting, rub shoulders with dying cancer patients, fear for his own vocal cords and life.

Though his withdrawn spouse, Anne (superbly played by Christine Lahti), tries to help, the coolness of the marriage proves an impediment. Instead, Hurt gets lessons in life and love from a doomed young brain-tumor patient, June, execrably played by Elizabeth Perkins. Under her shaved head beats a brain full of pantheism, epicureanism, and some kind of California Zen or EST; she introduces Hurt to his heart. He becomes so good that, leaving his worried wife uninformed about his whereabouts, he drives June, who wanted to cut loose once more, deep into the desert, there to dance all night by starlight and his car radio. In this kind of sentimental drivel, the two cannot have an affair. Instead, June discreetly dies, while Jack, thanks to a splendid operation by a formerly despised Jewish colleague, recovers and becomes more or less equally loving to his wife, son, and patients. He even laughingly imagines June as a guardian angel flying around above his house with—a particularly fine touch—her long hair fluttering about her shoulders.

The good people, again, are mostly women, blacks, Hispanics, and Jews. There is, to be sure, one not so good Jewish doctor, and the female throat specialist who helps save his life is as brusque with Jack as he was with his patients; but then along comes that good surgeon and Samaritan, Dr. Eli Blumfield, played with a sweet med-school look by the overyoung Adam Arkin. This is a sop to the elderly Dr. Ed Rosenbaum, on whose autobiographical *A Taste of My Own Medicine*, the film is, astronomically distantly, based. When its producer, Laura Ziskin, was shown that book, in which Dr. Rosenbaum ungimmickily tells about how, after fifty years of doctoring, he learned some basics as a patient, she felt a compulsion to "do it." As Miss Ziskin, a former game-show writer and producer of the supremely dishonest *Pretty Woman*, puts it, "We knew we needed to change a lot of specifics." And, let me tell you, specifics fall like ninepins, or cancer patients, before Miss Z and her team ("everyone added something to the final product") are through.

I particularly relish the symbolic ending of this product, where Hurt performs a successful heart transplant on a Hispanic patient. When the latter's wife wonders (in Spanish) whether the donor had a good heart, her *marido* translates for Hurt's and the audience's benefit, and explains the Hispanic belief that what makes a true man is a good heart. The old Hurt would have had a corrosive comeback to that one; the new Hurt smiles and mutters a corroborative cutesiness. The film, by the way, was directed effectively and hankie-humidifyingly by Randa Haines, who also made that heart-melting tribute to the deaf, *Children of a Lesser God*. The God who watches over products such as these is anything but lesser.

From proud, powerful lawyers to proud, powerful doctors—seemingly the two professions most hated by the public. So much so that *Regarding Henry* sports an evil hospital staff in an early scene, and *The Doctor*, early on, tells an anti-lawyer joke. The third class the public hates is, evidently, billionaire businessmen; there is now a movie about one of those, too, a mega-barracuda. On a bet, he becomes a penniless bum for a month; but hobnobbing with other bums totally transfigures him. In the end, he gets double his money back, plus a charming female bum (horrendously played by Lesley Ann Warren) to marry. But this film, ***Life Stinks***, and its maker and star, Mel Brooks, are so awful that I won't detain you with it beyond noting that *Life Stinks*, too, has its contingent of viperish lawyers. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 D	2 B	3 Q		4 N	5 H	6 A	7 S	8 C	9 O	10 L	11 F		12 N	13 J	14 G	15 H	16 T	
	17 I	18 D		19 S	20 M	21 P	22 O	23 B	24 G	25 R	26 H	27 E	28 I	29 L	30 J		31 P	
32 A	33 G	34 K	35 E	36 B	37 N	38 H	39 M		40 C	41 A	42 D	43 G		44 T		45 E	46 Q	
47 N	48 S	49 I	50 H	51 C	52 F	53 L	54 P	55 B	56 K		57 O	58 J	59 D	60 H		61 M	62 D	
63 I	64 O	65 S	66 A	67 C		68 R	69 L	70 J	71 F	72 G	73 O	74 E	75 B	76 H		77 K	78 M	
79 G	80 I	81 T	82 O	83 H	84 E	85 C	86 P	87 D		88 A	89 K	90 H	91 F	92 E	93 M	94 G	95 L	
	96 P		97 G	98 E	99 H	100A	101M	102Q	103J		104Q	105D	106I	107T	108L	109A	110B	
111J		112G	113N	114R	115H	116E	117B	118S		119C	120M	121R	122A	123K	124Q	125E	126P	
	127M	128C	129B		130Q	131G	132N		133K	134A	135D	136J	137D	138P	139F		140O	
141L		142K	143O	144D	145I	146N	147T											

DEFINITIONS

A. Seashore find — 122 88 41 6 109 100 134 32 66

B. Accomplished — 75 110 2 36 117 55 23 129

C. Rock music genre (2 words) — 128 85 40 8 119 51 67

D. Ordered — 105 18 87 42 144 62 135 1 137 59

E. Having peculiar habits — 116 74 45 92 84 27 98 125 35

F. Ancient kingdom of Asia Minor — 91 139 11 71 52

G. Bone of contention for Isaac's sons — 112 33 79 94 43 24 14 97 131 72

H. Paris landmark (2 words) — 60 26 90 15 38 76 83 99 115 5 50

I. Go home again — 80 49 145 28 106 17 63

J. Like a lass — 103 136 13 70 58 30 111

K. Heart of the matter — 123 133 142 89 34 77 56

L. Spins — 10 69 53 108 141 29 95

M. Time, often important — 78 120 93 127 39 101 61 20

N. Ribbed the tailor? — 47 132 113 37 4 146 12

O. Dentist's stock in trade — 82 9 22 140 57 73 143 64

P. Of a certain continent — 126 86 54 96 138 21 31

Q. Wink of an eye — 104 46 124 3 102 130

R. It can haunt you — 68 121 25 114

S. Military groups — 19 118 65 7 48

T. Power source — 147 16 81 44 107

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 52 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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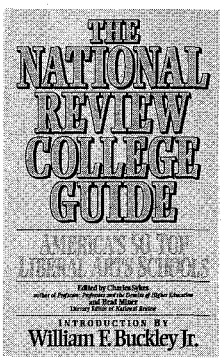

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LIPMAN

(Continued from page 38)

other out, leaving culture both irrelevant and powerless to affect our fate. But the current epidemics of drug use, AIDS, and crime are testimony enough to the power of culture to influence our lives. Just think how implicated the cultural agenda of the Left has been in these disasters. Flowering in the 1950s and 1960s, drug use was advocated by a long line of radicals, from Allen Ginsberg and the Beats in the intellectual world to the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in popular culture, as part of the search for ever higher levels of experience. The AIDS epidemic would hardly have been possible without the Left's advocacy—just think of the fatal combination of the books of Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs and the Hollywood movies that glorified every kind of libertinism and polymorphous perversity. From the 1950s on, crime has been presented to us as morally justifiable behavior, not just by Jean Genet and Norman Mailer but by the Left-liberals promoting the rights of violent criminals at the expense of the community.

In contrast, conservatives have been content to allow culture, all the way from the most commercial entertainment to the most mandarin thought, to be created *for* them, rather than *by* them. Finding contemporary culture progressively more appalling, they have opted out of its formation, all the while continuing their passive consumption of cultural artefacts and thus acquiescence in the dominant values. Furthermore, conservatives have been charged for so long with philistinism—the indifference to refined culture and the concentration on material concerns—that they have accepted the characterization invented for them by their enemies. Instead of realizing that the accusation of philistinism is merely a way of smearing their defense of traditional standards and values, they have assumed that the realm of mental culture was a liberal preserve, and that their own tasks lay entirely in the production and conservation of wealth. Moreover, as the party of liberty, conservatives find it hard to prescribe thought and behavior for others.

But there is another, more painful, answer to my question about why conservatives have not influenced culture. Conservatives avoid questions of culture because the divisions in culture are not just horizontal divisions between mature adults; they are divisions between parents and children. The sexual revolution that the Left has made is the true cultural revolution; it has invaded every family, split children from parents, and put all parents in terror of losing their children's love. As a matter of ordinary prudence, parents—very much including conservatives—avoid discussing these questions with their children.

But culture begins at home. We cannot demand from either government or society a higher standard in culture than we demand from ourselves. We cannot demand that schools be made places of learning rather than leftist indoctrination unless we back up our demands with new curriculums, oversight of administrators and boards, refusal to fund what offends us, willingness to fund what we advocate, and withdrawal of our children from schools that do not meet our standards, even at some financial sacrifice. We cannot mock what government, foundations, and corporations support in culture if we do not privately support what we find good. We cannot expect government or society to assist in making moral beings of our children if we do not start by demanding moral behavior in our own families. We cannot complain about the tidal wave of malign popular culture if we are not willing to give up most television programs, most popular music, and most movies, and to demand something better in their place. We must recognize that in a free society, private choices in culture must be subject to minimum restraint. But we must also be careful not to confuse rights with virtues: the exercise of the right to free cultural choice is not a good in itself, but rather must be subject to moral criticism and judged by the content of the choice.

The myriad things we do are either better or worse, higher or lower, more desirable or less desirable, more beautiful or less beautiful, more on the side of life or less on the side of life. This idea of cultural hierarchy stands in direct opposition to cultural relativism, the notion that everything is equally valid, nothing better than anything else and nothing worse. There will be those who call this idea elitist; I think it only describes the way one chooses a physician.

Just as cultural relativism is unacceptable, so is moral relativism, the idea that what people do cannot be judged, only empathized with. Morality here means examining what people do in terms of a higher value; in our society this value can only be the carrying on of civilized life. Art, learning, liberty, and even the market are not suicide pacts. All these components of human action and thought are important, not just in themselves, but because they serve the purpose of life.

Because conservatives understand the necessary linkage between the past and the future, we are the party of responsibility. It is not enough to say what government or society should *not* do. Our larger task is to say what *should* be, first for us, and then, if we can make our case well enough, for others. What we want for ourselves, we should want for others; what we want for our children, we should want for everyone's children. □

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Judge Thomas At the Bar

NEW YORK, JULY 29

Q: Well now, Judge Thomas, let's get down to this business of the "natural law." You said—and I quote you—that a recent essay was "a splendid example of applying natural law." A columnist subsequently wrote that you had given the natural law "as a valid basis for Supreme Court decisions." Is that correct?

A: Is what correct, senator?

Q: Well, er, that you believe in a natural law, and believe that compliance with that natural law validates a Supreme Court decision—

A: There are two points here to consider. To the first one—Do I believe in a natural law?—the answer is, Yes, I do. It is something altogether different to say that a judicial decision becomes a "correct" decision if it is congruent with the natural law.

Q: You will have to be a little plainer than that, judge. If you believe in the natural law, then don't you have to rule in correspondence to that law?

A: No, senator. For many years, the Supreme Court handed down decisions that were in direct violation of the natural law—decisions we regret, but we can't call invalid inasmuch as they were consistent with the Constitution, which in important respects took grave liberties with the natural law.

Q: Are you saying that the Constitution is based on the natural law?

A: There is considerable controversy over that question, senator, but yes, I am among those who believe that the Constitution was an elaboration of the founding document of the Republic, which of course was the Declaration of Independence. And the Declaration speaks of the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God" and of "truths" held to be "self-evident," among them "that all men are created equal."

Q: Ah! Since slavery was hardly consistent with human equality, would you as a Supreme Court Justice have voted against applying such laws as were applied before the Emancipation Proclamation?

A: Yes, I'd have done so. It's true that the Declaration posited an equality that didn't exist, but this wasn't hypocrisy, nor cowardice. It was ignorance. The Declaration affirmed the right of self-government: and the people of the United States accepted slavery. The distinction was caught by Lincoln when he said, commenting on the *Dred Scott* decision, "They [the Founding Fathers] did not mean to assert the obvious untruth, that all were then [1776] actually enjoying that equality nor yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that the enforcement of it might follow as fact and circumstances should permit. . . ."

Q: Do I understand you to say that to respect the right of the unborn child is an affirmation of the natural law?

A: Yes, that is correct.

Q: Doesn't that mean that you would vote to deny to a state the right to authorize abortions?

A: It does not. Even as Lincoln did not believe that the Founding Fathers had the "power" to confer such a boon as emancipation.

Q: Then you are saying that you would vote to implement any law, so long as it was constitutional? And, of course, any law can be made constitutional by the simple expedient of changing the Constitution—

A: No, senator. I don't go quite that distance, not the distance Oliver Wendell Holmes went to.

Q: What did he say on the subject?

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A: He said, "If my fellow citizens want to go to hell, I will help them. It's my job."

Q: He said that?

A: Yes, senator. On another occasion, Justice Holmes said that he saw "no reason for attributing to man a significance different in kind from that which belongs to a baboon or to a grain of sand."

Q: He was probably making poetry when he said that.

A: He was making bad poetry, senator.

Q: Well what would you do if you were convinced that the Constitution, as presumably amended, authorized a law that, as you put it, allowed our fellow citizens to go to hell?

A: I would resign from the Court, senator. But here we are wandering into Nuremberg territory. I believe abortion contradicts the natural law, but most Americans don't, and subject to constitutional limitations, my job on the Supreme Court is to adjudicate disputes with reference to the positive law.

Q: Would you be willing to describe where the line is that would cause you to resign from the Court, rather than to affirm a constitutional law?

A: No. My imagination balks even at conjuring up such a situation. In that kind of a world, senator, it would probably be unsafe for you to ask me such questions as you have asked me.

Q: Thank you, Judge Thomas.

A: Any time, senator. □

Pork and the Line Item Veto

NEW YORK, JULY 26

The President should be given a line item veto, sure, but those who think the budget deficit will be solved by giving the Chief Executive this amulet will have to think again. Here are two situations that flowered more or less simultaneously, the first federal, the second local.

In Washington, a so-called Transportation Bill has been approved by the House Public Works and Transportation Committee. *Combien?* $153.5 billion over five years, of which $6.8 billion is pork.

The report by Richard Berke of the *New York Times* advises us that insiders recognize the fingerprints of its two primary sponsors, Robert Roe from New Jersey, and Norman Mineta from California.

Among the delicacies provided are $1 million to study the question whether additional crossings are necessary over

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the Raritan River in New Jersey. Why they are willing to pay $1 million for that study, when I'd have gladly undertaken it for one half that sum, only Congressman Roe knows.

Now there is of course no set rule by which pork is taxonomized. Republican Representative John Paul Hammerschmidt of Arkansas says, "You can call anything pork; I don't think this is pork." The bill includes, under the sponsorship of Mr. Hammerschmidt, funding for a bus for the handicapped. This bus will cost a mere $63,600—"a little bitty project," said the representative.

The comment on all of this by Transportation Secretary Samuel Skinner is given in words of one syllable. The bill calls for an increase in the gas tax. "I read it from his lips," said the secretary. "The President will veto the bill if it contains a tax increase. No question. No doubt. No hesitation." What the President cannot do, as we know, is veto the items individually, because he does not have the authority.

Meanwhile, in Albany, New York, the following took place, as recorded by the public-interest organization aptly called "Change-NY."

1. Governor Cuomo proposes a state budget that will increase spending by $3 billion, or over 6 per cent.

2. Six months later, the legislature approves a budget that includes $2.3 billion in new appropriations, including $97 million for pork.

3. Governor Cuomo engages in an orgy of item vetoes, eliminating an estimated $937 million from the total amount, including all pork.

4. The governor and the legislature compromise: In return for giving him the money he wants, Cuomo gives the legislators back 80 per cent of their pork.

In other words, the governor exchanged his line item veto for approval of his spending proposal, which includes a rise in taxes of $1.4 billion.

The budget will authorize $70,000 to the Erie County Citizens Committee on Rape; $200,000 to the Department of Economic Development for its program called, "Brooklyn Goes Global"; a cool million for Finger Lakes Weed Control; $192,800 to the Consortium on Worker Education; $81,900 to the Kingsborough College English Lab—and, for those who sweated out whether it would go through, relax: $408,700 for the Gowanda Forensic Unit.

We are entitled to wonder whether, if President Bush had the line item veto, the scene in Washington would be like that in Albany: Give us back our pork, and we'll give you the budget you want for the Department of Defense. Pork tends to win its own victories, for the very simple reason that it exactly reflects where the power is. If enough congressmen distribute enough pork, all that you have left is those sainted figures who wear sackcloth and ashes and rail against the coming of the night. There are about 15 of them.

It pays to remind ourselves that the difference between making it and not making it is roughly the difference between raising our spending by 4 per cent and raising it by 6 per cent. It's those 2 percentage points that continue to depress the budget, the reputation of the United States, and the good name of democracy. □

Should We Be Mad at De Klerk?

NEW YORK, JULY 22

What the government of South Africa did is a nice example of the distinction between a *malum prohibitum* and a *malum in se*. It is legally wrong for a government to subsidize one political movement at the expense of another. It is not always morally wrong to do so.

The situation in South Africa during the past, parlous years isn't as vivid seen through the serene eyes of a lecturer at the Kennedy School at Harvard as it has been, and continues to be, for the white South African. What the National Party faced during the past six years was the following: 1) a crystallizing desire to free the country from the shackles of apartheid, a system whose unworkability was coming to a boil; 2) a white conservative minority with powerful political leverage; 3) an international boycott whose effect was increasing unemployment and unrest; and 4) an insurrectionary movement dominated by men committed to Communist doctrine and methods, who refused to abjure the use of force and terrorism to achieve their goals.

But there was another movement, not properly insurrectionary but totally hostile to apartheid. The Inkatha movement is as large as the African National Congress, but its leaders were different. Chief Buthelezi demanded an end to apartheid but, like Martin Luther King, drew the line at violence. And, unlike his counterpart at the African National Congress, he renounced Communism and spoke out against international boycotts, on the grounds that they would do more damage to the black man than to the white man.

It is now revealed that the South African government spent money in promoting demonstrations by Inkatha, intending, one supposes, to make them relatively successful in comparison to those of the ANC. In other words, the South African government was slipping some money (a relatively modest $100,000, one is told) to that domestic force which forswore violence, Communism, and boycotts. What it did was illegal. But hardly evil. To the extent that the extremists in the ANC are set back, the prospects for a peaceful end to apartheid are increased.

We are not, in the United States, admirably situated to take offense at the idea of financing the better of political alternatives. We spent much of the 1950s doing exactly that. The Central Intelligence Agency is forbidden by law to back any domestic enterprise, and maybe the CIA followed the letter of the law, though if it helped a labor union here and there to avoid being taken over by Communists and I were the judge, I'd send the offenders home and tell them they'd go without supper that night. We spent bucketsful of money abroad, contributing what we could to the forces of civilization. We can't discover from the *World Almanac* how much we spent in Italy in 1948 to keep the Communists from taking over the government, but however much it was, the cause was right. It hardly made sense to spend billions of dollars to rebuild Europe through Marshall aid while being indifferent to whether Communist governments would wipe out first liberty, and then prosperity, that being the historical role of the Communist Party.

The African National Congress has had a high old time of it since the release of Mr. Mandela. He is an inspiring figure, and he has suffered a great deal. But he has also been reluctant to take such steps as might have accelerated a constitutional compromise. What the ANC desires is of course one man, one vote, rather than the weighted franchise that makes so much sense. But South Africa has other problems, and foremost among them is tribal strife. It is awfully parochial, in an age in which we wonder whether the Slovenes and the Serbs can co-exist, to ignore the divisions among people with far less experience than the Yugoslavs of the uses of national unity. That the South African government, striving to end apartheid, should simultaneously seek to reinforce the more stable of the anti-apartheid black groups is not an offense that sunders the human conscience. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

A Woman Scorned. Normally the nonvoting representative for the District of Columbia doesn't get much ink, but these days Representative Eleanor Holmes Norton is everywhere. The reason? She is leading the charge of the black establishment against Clarence Thomas. But a source tells Cato that the buzz at the recent meeting of the Urban League was that she is carrying water for the feminists, trying to shoot down a perfectly decent black judge over the issue of unrestricted abortion.

A little history is in order here. Mrs. Norton was Judge Thomas's predecessor at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. The lone GOP member of the Black Caucus, Representative Gary Franks (R., Conn.), recently released a "Before Thomas and After Thomas" report laying out the record of Thomas's accomplishments at the EEOC—including praise from such non-Republican groups as the General Accounting Office and the *Washington Post*. If even the judge's harshest critics concede that he turned the EEOC around, it doesn't take a Rhodes scholar to deduce who left it in such a mess.

Berth Control. Having failed to come up with a compromise on the Title X program on family planning, the Administration has committed itself to protecting the program's embattled regulations barring clinics that receive federal grants from offering abortion counseling and referrals. A source tells Cato that the President (who authored the Title X program while in Congress) took the tough line *against* the advice of House and Senate Republican leaders, who were "wringing their hands" during a recent White House meeting. Indeed, our source noted that except for Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.) none of the anti-abortion members at the meeting defended the President's line—even though pro-choice Senator Bob Packwood (R., Ore.) hinted his side may be forced to compromise. No pro-lifers in courage here.

Shanghaied. Our newspapers are always full of stories about famous prisoners of conscience, Nelson Mandela or whoever. So why no front-page treatment of Joseph Fan, SJ, the legitimate bishop of Shanghai? Bishop Fan was clapped into prison after the Vatican announced that his predecessor, Bishop Ignatius Kung (now 89 and living in the U.S.), had been secretly elevated to cardinal during his own stint in Deng Xiaoping's prisons for refusing to renounce the Pope's authority. The Puebla Institute says Bishop Fan is one of about eighty Protestant and Catholic clergymen deprived of their liberties. But the only mention of him was a brief one in the Catholic News Service. Maybe if he called for the ordination of gays?

The Big Nyet. Ever since Eduard Shevardnadze left the Soviet Foreign Ministry, there's been something of a chill. Under Mr. Shevardnadze the archives of the ministry were opened to outsiders for the first time—including diplomatic correspondence between Moscow and its ambassador in Washington before World War II.

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"You had better watch out. My knee jerks violently upward at the mention of any liberal cause."

But according to Allen Weinstein, director of the Center for Democracy, that openness is closing up. Mr. Weinstein quoted the statement of a young Soviet intellectual who had been going over some of the released documents. "I can tell you anything you want to know about the present," he said, "but the past keeps changing day by day."

Top Guns. Despite testimony against it from the four chiefs of staff and the former commandant of the Marine Corps, despite the opposition of Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn (D., Ga.), ranking Republican John Warner (R., Va.), career officer and pilot John Glenn (D., Ohio), and others, the Senate voted not to study the issue of women in combat and to repeal restrictions on woman fighter pilots. "Just shows the power of the media," says one GOP senator. "All these guys were afraid of a negative Mary McGrory column."

Short Takes. Mayor Ed Koch continues the fight against HR-1, which he refuses to call a civil-rights bill. In a letter to Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Joe Biden (D., Del.), Mr. Koch said: "David Duke received 60 per cent of the white vote in Louisiana for the U.S. Senate not because those voting for him support the Ku Klux Klan, but rather because of their anger against the Democratic Party and its support of preferential treatment and racial and ethnic quotas." . . . Republicans are fuming over The Gap's July 15 classified ad in *Roll Call*, Capitol Hill's unofficial newspaper, in which the clothing retailer seeks a "Washington representative" with "strong Democratic Party connections." The ad prompted an angry letter from House GOP Whip Newt Gingrich to company chairman Donald Fisher. The Gap has no comment. . . . Clarence Thomas got a nice boost from Deputy Transportation Secretary Elaine Chao in a tough speech at the officially neutral but Democrat-dominated Organization of Chinese-Americans in Houston. Miss Chao drew the battle lines on quotas clearly: "One side wants merit, the other side wants proportional representation"—for which she was immediately attacked by columnist Bill Wong in *Asian Week*. A woman worth watching—if I'm allowed to say that nowadays.

—CATO

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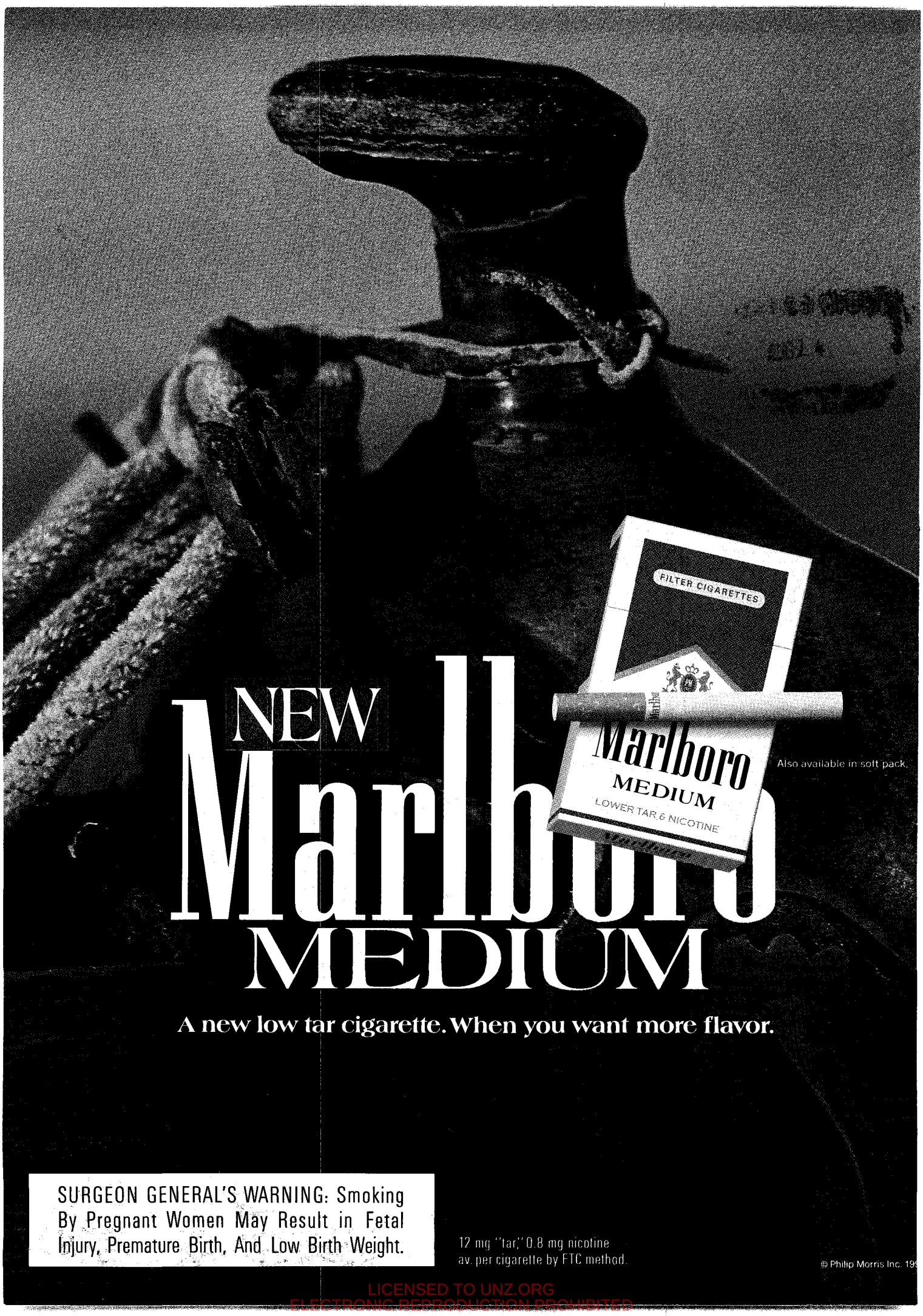

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